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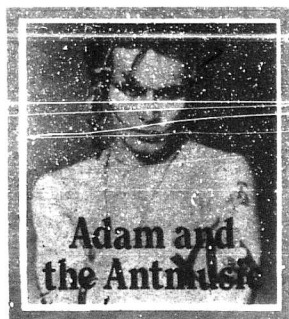
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NATIVE

April 20-May 3

Issue Number Ten

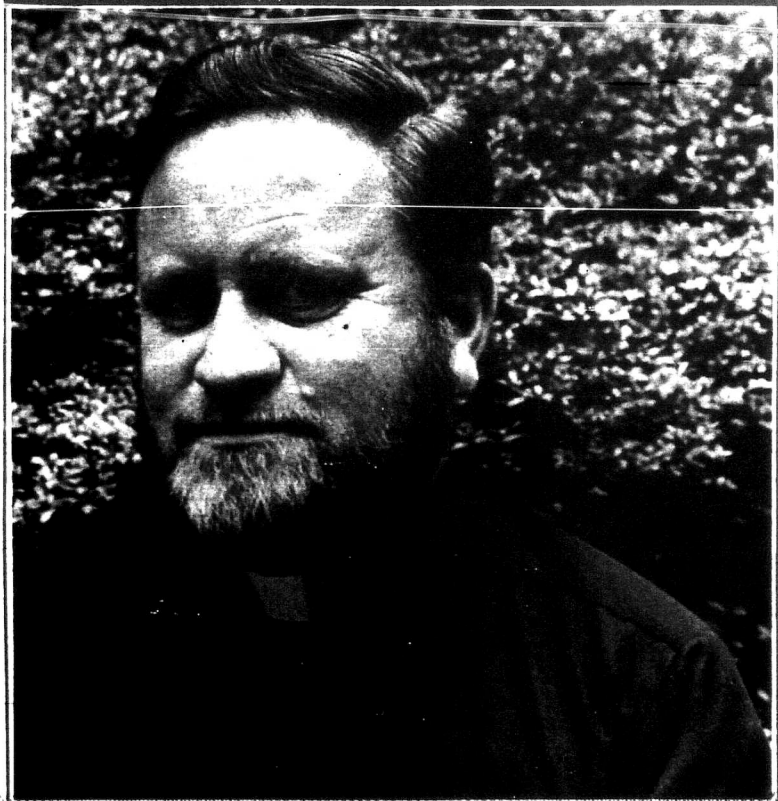
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Speaks Out



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Part 2

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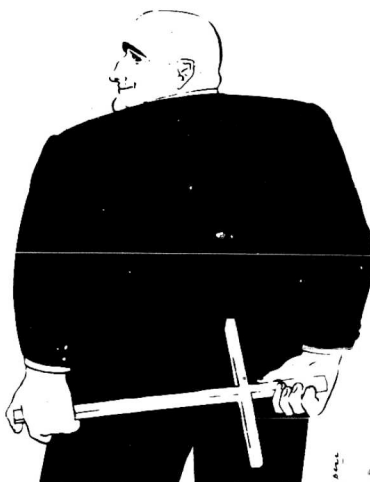
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ON THE COVER

Father John McNeill by Suzanne Poor, Adam Ant by Epic Records.

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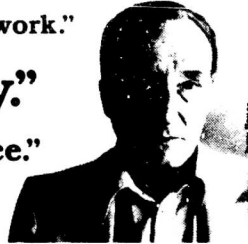
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LETTERS

Danger from the Realists

Let me congratulate Paul R. Grossman for his wonderful article on Aesthetic Realism in the *New York Native* [Issue 9]. I have also gone through the experience of trying to do an article on AR, and many of the perceptions he presented in the article are identical to the ones I felt.

Aesthetic Realism is a very dangerous organization, and they are right that the press virtually ignores them. Other journalists I know have gone through the same harassment Grossman and I have gone through in pursuit of the truth, and some have just given up. (My inquiries, too, were denied by the "press committee.") By continuing to research this organization, Paul Grossman has done a real service to the gay community.

Once again, congratulations.

Barry Yeoman
Manhattan

The Aesthetics of Contempt

Thank you for Paul R. Grossman's wise and telling article on Aesthetic Realism [Native 9]. The enemy is contempt, only our love can counter it. We must learn to be kind to ourselves, to then share that kindness with each other.

Doric Wilson
Manhattan

Lies! Lies!

The article you printed was a lie from beginning to end, about the kindest, most honest thought in the world, Aesthetic Realism [Native 9]. The reporter, as he says himself, lied—and what he wrote was in keeping with his

motives: cheap journalism.

It does make one sick to see what many persons know to be the most beautiful thing in the world cheapened. You have hurt people.

Kay Harris
Devorah Tarrow
Aesthetic Realism Consultants
Victims of the Press

Needles of Gayness

Congratulations on getting underway. The ever-fragile state of the gay press around the world is strengthened by the appearance of the *Native*. May you thrive.

One note, in response to an item in issue 6. Larry Mass, M.D., states in "What You Still Didn't Read About Lulu" that Countess Geschwitz represents the first homosexual character to enter the popular repertoire, a "timely fact," he goes on, "that has yet to be acknowledged by any critic anywhere."

While his precise phrasing may not be challenged, I still would point out to him a review of the Canadian Opera Company's *Lulu* in the December '80/January '81 issue of *The Body Politic*. In assessing Evelyn Lear's Geschwitz, reviewers John Allec and Jon Kaplan deal clearly with what they call "Needles of gayness in the operatic haystack."

Despite the increasing gay openness of the *Village Voice*, we must still depend on the gay and lesbian press to acknowledge fully our existence—and the "facts" that matter to us.

Michael Lynch
Toronto, Ontario

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- *ARE THE NEW DRUG CRACKDOWNS ANTI-GAY?
- *ARE THE SCHOOLS HOMOPHOBIC?
- *HOW CAN VIOLENCE AGAINST GAYS BE STOPPED?
- *IS THE MORAL MAJORITY NEO-NAZI?
- *ARE GAYS BEING PRICED OUT OF MANHATTAN?
- *IS SEX HARD TO GET IN NEW YORK CITY?
- *DO GAYS CENSOR GAYS?
- *CAN YOU MAKE A MILLION IN GAY BUSINESS?
- *IS BISEXUALITY THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE?
- *SHOULD YOU ADOPT YOUR LOVER?
- *COULD GAYS SAVE THE SOUTH BRONX?
- *SHOULD YOU BOYCOTT CHANNEL THIRTEEN?
- *WILL EVERY GAY HAVE A LOFT ONE DAY?
- *SHOULD GAY MEN AND LESBIANS HAVE CHILDREN?
- *SHOULD EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD HAVE A GAY STATUE?
- *SHOULD MORE GAYS MOVE TO MANHATTAN?
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Music in the Garden

The Brooklyn Botanic Garden will be presenting three concerts to benefit its Fragrance Garden for the Blind in the auditorium at 1000 Washington Avenue, followed by receptions on the Fragrance Garden Terrace.

On Sunday, April 26 Bernice Brilliant, lyric coloratura, will perform works by Mozart, Puccini, Wolf, and Thomas, as well as others, accompanied by Thomas Schilling on piano and William Brice on flute.

Members of the Odyssey Chamber Players will appear on May 17 with works by Mozart, Mica, and Dohnanyi along with Joel Timm on oboe, Evan Paris on violin, Elizabeth Sublette on

viola, and Jeff Szabo on cello.

The final concert will be Dulcie Barlow playing harp, Pamela Russell on flute, and soprano Jane Barry performing works by Schumann, Handel, Bach, Ravel, and Japanese and Appalachian folk songs.

Tickets are \$15 for the series or \$6.50 per performance. Checks or money orders, payable to the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, should be sent with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

Public Affairs
Brooklyn Botanic Garden
1000 Washington Avenue
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225

GLID Not Glad

The sponsors list of the March 29th disco tea dance benefit held by GLID read like a who's who of New York notables. Among the 46 sponsors listed were Bella Abzug, Arthur Bell, Miriam Friedlander (West Village city council member), Joseph Papp, Herb Rickman (assistant to Mayor Koch), Gloria Steinem, and Andrew Stein.

Gay and Lesbian Independent Democrats held the benefit at Magique in support of the drive to pass a gay rights bill. The evening also included a performance by the New York City Gay Men's Chorus.

While the gala was expected to be a great success, representatives of GLID were less than satisfied with the turnout. One person who was there felt that this was possibly due to fear of exposure through the newspapers who had covered the event. Bella Abzug certainly wasn't. A photo of Ms. Abzug "getting down to boogie" appeared in the *New York Daily News*.

Life Outside Manhattan

While you may not want to leave the city if you're already here, more out-of-town bars are trying to retain some of their local customers during the weekends when the mass exodus occurs.

Talk of the Town, located at 359 Mamaroneck Avenue in White Plains, provides some excellent talent with performers who may be working during the week at Ted Hook's or the Duplex. The major difference appears to be in the cost of an evening.

For example, Ruby Rims, one of the finest female impersonators in town, recently played at one of New York's better clubs. The cost per person, after cover charge (\$5), two-drink minimum (another \$9), tax and tips (add another \$5) and the bare bones for an evening for two approaches \$20.

The same evening at Talk of the Town, just five days later: 99 cents for admission and drinks at two for the price of one. Cost: \$3.

Mans for the next two weeks include an Easter Sunday dinner buffet on April 19th at 7 p.m., "Dee's Daughters" at 12:30 a.m. on Saturday, April 18th, and Piute Pete, the famous square dance caller leading the group in a country evening complete with pie eating contest, bobbing for apples, and cash prizes for contest winners.

Can-Can Can and Will

One of the season's most anxiously awaited arrivals, the Abe Burrows-Cole Porter musical *Can-Can*, is finally expected to make its entrance with previews beginning April 16th and premiere on April 30th at the Minskoff Theater.

Burrows, who directed the original production, will again be directing with Roland Petit, who will also be doing the choreography, including the infamous "Can-Can."

Despite the many setbacks this show has received out-of-town (the male lead was recently whisked away by President Reagan to become the United States Ambassador to Mexico), *Can-Can* arrives with a wonderful cast, including Zizi Jeanmaire (she played the ballerina opposite Danny Kaye in *Hans Christian Andersen*) Ron Hushmann, and Avery Schreiber, one of Cole Porter's best scores ("I Love Paris," "Live and Let Live," and of course, "Can-Can"), and all under the direction of the man who made it one of America's best received musicals of the '50s, as well as one of the finest musical films made.

URBAN AFFAIRS

Theater Gives New Talent a Chance



Karen Knapp and David Marsh open their *Aryan Antics* on April 9.

Musicals, mini-revues, and new young comedians will be getting a chance at the WestSide Arts Theatre, the new entertainment complex at 407 West 43rd Street, on the site of the old Chelsea Theatre Center. The two-level theater allows for staggered performances of two or three separate attractions on any given evening.

Currently playing through the 25th of April is *Aryan Antics*, a two-person show of original satire starring Karen Knapp and David Marsh and described by them as "an evening of Caucasian humor direct from the entertainment capital of the world [Los Angeles]."

I Can't Keep Running In Place, a new feminist musical with book, music, and lyrics by Barbara Schottenfeld, starts previews on Saturday, April 25 and opens May 10 at the Upstairs (which is currently being renovated). Helen Gallagher and Marcia Rodd head a cast of seven women.

Coming in late May with an 11 p.m. curtain will be the world premiere of the Sam Shepard musical, *The Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing His Wife*.

For ticket information call the WestSide Arts Theatre at 541-8394.

"Aaah Oui Genty"

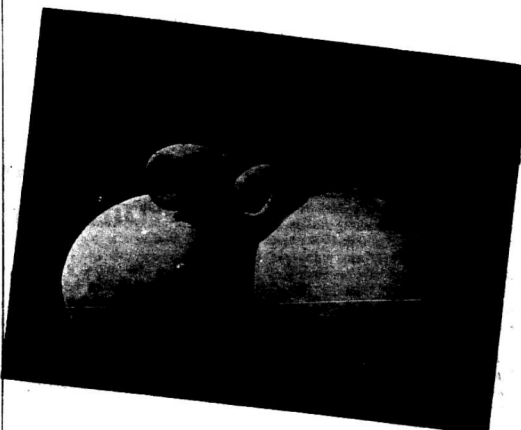
Called "one of the most talented showmen of the puppet theater" by Jim Henson, creator of the Muppets, Philippe Genty combines marionettes, maquettes, hand puppets, and black-light figures in a French revue that toured nine countries and is now making its Broadway debut.

Created in 1967, Genty's company made its debut with the "Ballet of the Ostriches" and has since played the Palladium in London and the Ice Palace in Tokyo.

Performances are Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8 with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Tickets range from \$11 to \$20 and are available at the Bijou Theatre, 209 West 45th St. For ticket information, call the Bijou at 221-8500.

All submissions for the Urban Affairs section should be sent to:

Harold Jay Klein
New York Native
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Compagnie Philippe Genty performs its "theatre d'animation," entitled *Aaah Oui Genty* at the Bijou theatre.

Human Rights Commissioner Attacks Moral Majority

A gay member of the New York City Human Rights Commission has publicly attacked Moral Majority, Inc., for encouraging anti-gay sentiment and contributing to an atmosphere in which fag-bashing and other homophobic activities are common.

David Rothenberg, speaking at a press conference March 31, said, "In its quasi-religious campaign to 'remoralize'

the Sunday morning homophobia of self-righteous television preachers, a late-night TV host's continual, crass anti-gay jokes, and a band of fag-bashers out for a night in Greenwich Village."

Rothenberg also deplored the tendency of much of the mainstream press to downplay or ignore gay aspects of news stories. "There has been coverage of gays," he said, "but it has been over-

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Ted Anshel, David Rothenberg, and Isaiah Robinson. Photo by Clain DiPalma.

America, this group is attempting to deny gay men and lesbians their basic human rights and equal protection under the law in communities throughout the nation. . . . We are targeted as scapegoats by the newest purveyors of our national morality. They are using their tax-free, television-based, quasi-religious programs to create a climate which makes it unsafe for us to live."

Noting a recent increase in the incidence of anti-gay violence, Rothenberg said, "The results of their efforts are clear. There is a correlation between

whelmily related to crime and violence."

He noted, however, that silence on the issue of homosexual rights has not been limited to heterosexuals. "The greatest problem of gay oppression is that some of the most articulate gay people are terrified to speak out," he said. "I, by sitting before you [at the press conference] had to think about this very carefully, had to talk about it with friends: was I setting myself up as a target?"

Brett Averill

PATH Cops Beat Jersey Man

A Jersey City man has accused a transit officer and two unknown accomplices of dragging him off a PATH train and beating, kicking, and verbally abusing him before charging him with simple assault.

According to Paul Kadetz, the officer, Frank Simmons, and two men in plainclothes dragged him from the train at a stop in Hoboken after he had given the officer the finger. (Kadetz said the officer had boarded the train and behaved in an obnoxious manner, making obscene noises and "throwing his weight around.") Kadetz said the three men, calling him "faggot," proceeded to kick him and hit him about the head and neck.

Kadetz said the men then handcuffed him and took him to a subterranean room in the train station, where they forced him to strip, allowed him to get dressed, handcuffed him to a chair, hit him several times in the jaw, and read him his rights.

Another police officer took him to St. Mary's Hospital in Hoboken, where medical personnel noted extremely high blood pressure, pain in the rib cage, and contusions about the face and neck. According to Kadetz, the officer accompanying him was abusive throughout the hospital visit, shouting at one point, "You ain't got no rights. You're my

prisoner and you ain't got no rights at all."

He was returned to a Hoboken police station, where he was charged with simple assault and released after his roommate had raised \$112 bail.

As the *Native* went to press, however, it was learned that the police complaint had been amended from a charge of simple assault to two separate charges: harassment and resisting arrest. Under New Jersey criminal law, these are all classified as disorderly persons offenses, the lowest possible degree of criminal act — somewhat less serious than a misdemeanor. A guilty verdict, however, could result in a fine of up to \$1,000 or a jail term of up to six months.

Kadetz's lawyer, Lynne Stewart, said she is considering contacting the American Civil Liberties Union in New Jersey for assistance in the case. "If giving someone the finger is tantamount to harassment," she said, "then we're really going to get into a serious First Amendment question."

Stewart said she has handled several cases involving assaults by PATH officers, but, she said, "I don't think I've ever had a case that's quite so flagrant in its abusiveness. The police really had no reason to interfere with him."

People with information about the incident are asked to call Stewart at (212) 243-3196.

Mickey Suspects Out on Bail

According to a criminal court officer, the two men arrested in March in connection with a series of robberies involving the use of "knockout drops" are both out on bail.

Police arrested Saban Dreas, 27, on March 27. Dreas was charged with five counts of first-degree robbery. The incidents occurred in Greenwich Village, Midtown Manhattan, and near Lincoln Center.

Dreas was released after posting \$10,000 bond. His case was referred to the Grand Jury on April 3 and is now

pending.

A total of thirty "knockout drop" robberies have been reported to police, according to court-watcher Bob Downing. In each case, a man picked up in a gay bar or on the street spiked the drink of his host. As the host lay unconscious, the pick-up either robbed jewelry or, in some instances, cleaned out the entire apartment.

The arrests came as a result of the activities of a special police task force which worked with victims to create composites and identify suspects.

The Jury Box

Michael Petito and Patrick Moyse were scheduled to be sentenced on April 7 after their conviction of felonious assault of a gay man roller-skating on Christopher Street and another gay man who came to his aid on Sunday, November 16, 1980. Both victims were cut with broken bottles and had their faces kicked. One of the men was temporarily blinded.

The sentencing was postponed because Petito and Moyse chose new lawyers who were unfamiliar with the case. Petito and Moyse had previously chosen new lawyers as a tactic to delay their trial; this was their third set of lawyers. The new lawyers asked Judge Kleiman to delay the proceedings one month to enable them to go over the transcript of the trial. They also claimed that it was unfair for the convicted men to be held for that month, so they requested that the men be let out on bail.

Judge Kleiman granted the lawyers a delay of only one week, and refused to let Petito and Moyse out on bail.

Patrick Moyse's next hearing is set for Wednesday, April 15. Michael Petito's next hearing is set for Thursday, April 16. Both are scheduled for 2 p.m., part 53, sixth floor, 111 Centre Street. Sentencing will probably not occur on these dates because the new lawyers can be expected to ask for postponements in order to prepare their appeals.

Charles Grosso's next court appearance will be May 6. Recently extradited from California, he is a suspect in the slaying of a gay art dealer and his associate on February 22, 1980. His codefendant, Victor Grube, pleaded guilty to robbery in the first degree. He will be sentenced on June 10. Grosso's May 6 appearance will be in Part 50, eleventh floor, 100 Centre Street at 10 a.m.

Malcolm Botway, who allegedly pretended to be retaking the U.S. Census in

order to gain entrance into the apartment of a Upper East Side gay man, has been accused of robbery in the first and second degree, assault in the second and third degree, and grand larceny in the second and third degree. Police say the victim was bludgeoned with a hammer. Botway is out on \$50 bail.

Botway is also a suspect in two cases in which gay men were given knockout drops in their apartments and subsequently robbed. His next court appearance will be Tuesday, April 21, in Part 70, eleventh floor, 100 Centre Street at 10 a.m.

Ronald Crumpley is the suspect in the Ramrod Massacre in which six men were injured and two were killed. His defense will be that he was not responsible for his actions by reason of mental disease or defect. His next court appearance will be Wednesday, April 15, Part 40, eleventh floor, 100 Centre Street at 10 a.m.

Michael Johnson was sentenced for his part in the October 11, 1980 robbery of a gay man on Eighth Avenue at 26th Street. He pleaded guilty to attempted robbery in the second degree and received a sentence of one year.

If you have witnessed, been the victim of, or received any information about an anti-gay attack, please call the anti-gay violence hotline of the Chelsea Gay Association (212) 691-7950. Leave your name, phone number, and a message that your call relates to violence. CGA will return your call as soon as possible.

CGA will also provide photographic services to assault victims to document their injuries. Such photographs have been crucial in convicting attackers in past cases.

Bob Downing

New Gay Men's Director at WBAI

On April 1, the WBAI-Radio Gay Men's Department elected Rudy Grillo as its new director. Grillo succeeded Isaac Jackson.

Grillo, a 51-year-old electrolysis, joined WBAI as a producer in 1979. His credits include producing five programs with the subject "Gay Moments in Straight Music."

As director, Grillo said that he will try to improve the station's services to

different segments of the gay community. He indicated that there had been a problem in "getting people in the community to contribute."

Grillo is also concerned with what he described as the homophobia among personnel in other WBAI departments. "It's a constant struggle to maintain our position," he commented.

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David Feinberg

Continued on

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Moral Majority, Inc., & the Targeting of Gays

by Matthew Daniels

As the brainchild of the Rev. Jerry Falwell, pastor of Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Virginia, Moral Majority, Inc., was implemented to be a lobbying coalition that fundamentalists could use without crossing the tricky boundary between church and state. The promise of political power for conservatives and a "return to morality" has gathered together the forgotten leftovers of the Silent Majority and the fundamentalist churchgoers who follow where their increasingly vocal ministers lead. Moral Majority has played on the heartstrings, pursestrings, and strung-out consciences of millions of Americans who have been convinced that it's okay to secure Christian values at the expense and exclusion of human rights. Moral Majority, Inc., has made explicit its commitment to enacting its moral attitudes into moral legislation. The organization claims 12.6 million members; its funds continue to grow.

But the many Moralists who have joined Falwell's coalition are as diverse as the number of interpretations of the Holy Bible, and recent press reports have noted the beginnings of dissension from the Moral Majority program by members of the Southern Baptist Convention and other fundamentalists. The *New York Times* cited the formation and policies of Moral Majority as being a factor in the rift, and added that Billy Graham, among others, has dissociated himself from the fundamentalist political movement because of statements made by Moral Majority leaders.

Theological differences have existed since the beginnings of religion; in Protestantism, they revolve around whether the Bible is to be taken literally or figuratively. The underlying beliefs are universal for fundamentalists; at the core, the only real rift within Moral Majority arise from the degrees of dogmatic conservatism followed by its members.

The few rifts in the ranks of Moral Majority are policy contradictions and arguments among leaders vying for power and prominence. A New York City minister has said of the chairperson of the state chapter of Moral Majority, Inc.: "Dan Fore is a pistol-packing preacher. He wants the New York Moral Majority to be a one-man show." But the mistake must not be made of believing this to be a sign of weakness in the organization's effectiveness.

Homosexuals have been targeted by Moral Majority to be examples of the "rampant immorality" it so acutely wishes to get rid of. Homosexuals' rights are the first to be attacked, followed by homosexuals themselves. In a national atmosphere which Moral Majority has charged with the electricity of fear, guilt, sin, and hate, violence against gays has dramatically increased. What does Dr. Dan C. Fore believe the government should do about anti-gay violence? "I wouldn't support any legislation in support of gays," he told a reporter from the *Native*. "You people have to accept the liabilities of your deviance."

Although the fundamentalist leaders

may sometimes argue and ride the wave of publicity about their differences, they stand united against homosexuality. As Fore said, "I support anyone and anything that is against homosexuals."

In separate interviews, Fore and the head of Moral Majority's New York City chapter, the Rev. Roger Fulton, were questioned about important current topics involving gay people and Moral Majority.

Besides chairing Moral Majority's state chapter, Fore is the pastor of Metropolitan Baptist Church in Brooklyn. He runs his campaign from an office in the converted garage of his Bensonhurst rectory.

When asked about his immediate plans for the Moral Majority's work in New York, Fore said, "1981 is the year of formation. We will bring the votes for legislation against gays. We will bring



Dr. Dan C. Fore, New York State chairman of Moral Majority, Inc. Photo by: Matthew Daniels.

moral change through our voting bloc. We have sat in the closet for years thinking it's wrong to vote, to get into the political arena. We only now realize the amount of the voting bloc we have in our churches to halt the filth that is killing us."

Fulton is the pastor of the Neighborhood Church of Greenwich Village, an interdenominational fundamentalist church that five years ago boasted five members. "Now we have 35 or 40," says Fulton. "I think that's kind of good in Greenwich Village, inasmuch as gospel churches have not had a reputation for surviving in the Village."

On the subject of Moral Majority, Inc., Fulton said, "I agree with the national purpose and I think a great deal of Jerry Falwell. We have had some problems getting the ball rolling here in New York State. I was asked to serve on an executive committee here but, since agreeing to serve on that committee I, and I think some others, have never been invited to help get the ball rolling. We have the problem of someone [Fore] who just feels that he can take care of most of the need himself without co-workers. I've made it known several times that I'm not hearing about activities. I'm encouraged by things that have been accomplished by Moral Majority in other states, but so far, I don't think we're really rolling here."

Fulton adheres to the national Moral Majority stance on homosexuality: "We do not believe that homosexuality is an acceptable alternate lifestyle, but this does not mean that we despise homosexuals. We love them. We want to do everything that we possibly can to be helpful within the strictures of what we be-

lieve God requires in the Bible. Jesus did remove the death penalty from sexual sins. It's not focused only on homosexuality, but on every aberration from the plan that God has given for human sexual expression. He has given us heterosexual monogamy and that's the principle plan of the Bible."

Fore is more hard-line on the subject of homosexuality, calling it "a damnable, wicked style of life.... No form of homosexuality will be permitted in any way, shape, or form. There will be laws against it.... The whole gay movement wouldn't be so open, able to be on the streets acting as though their lifestyle were acceptable, enticing young men to deviancy. There is nothing more disgusting in God's mind than a man lying with another man."

It can perhaps be counted as a small blessing that Fore at least does not advocate capital punishment for homosexuals: "I don't want to kill you. I just wouldn't allow homosexuality. We can keep you from making it public."

According to Fore, how would one go about spotting a gay person? "Homosexuals spend their time looking for superficial sex," he explained, "and in those relationships most of the time is spent recruiting. The ultimate trauma of those relationships comes back and destroys you people."

Fulton has probably had more experience with out-of-the-closet gays through his Greenwich Village church: "Many gays come here for counseling. There have been a number of times when my homosexual visitor and I would weep together over the desperate loneliness and shattering experiences of their past and present lives. When Jesus did away with that death penalty [for homosexuals], this meant that they have a right to food, clothing, shelter, and jobs, and they have to be treated like human beings."

As for gays coming out of the closet, Fulton said, "It's only a small minority of the homosexuals that want to do everything in a very blatant and blazing way before the public. Certain homosexuals want the right to really flaunt it, and they are definitely a minority. A large part of the homosexual population would appreciate it if the pressure could be taken off and if they could have the quiet lives they were accustomed to having. Which doesn't mean they have to feel that everything they do is in hiding and done under danger of exposure or persecution."

Fulton's church has found itself the victim of persecution recently. His church has been attacked twice in the last year, resulting in broken windows and graffiti. However, when asked if he would join in a group effort with the gays of his neighborhood to fight this sort of senseless violence, Fulton responded: "I am not willing to do anything that begins to take on the appearance that I'm saying that I think this is a viable, acceptable lifestyle for which a full-fledged niche should be found in our society. [But] I can talk to homosexuals. I'd rather start with one meeting I don't know."

Yes, there are rifts between the fundamentalist power-seekers; rare hints that the ministers might consider gays to be at least partially civilized. But behind it all, they stand firm against homosexuality. As Fulton reaffirmed: "if Moral Majority doesn't expand in the usual ways—which I'm sure the national leadership intends it should do in this state—there will be other organizations that will do the job here."

You'd better believe it.

D.C. Desk

Continued from page 9

to show up, but stay through the entire evening.

Washington's news media is also on its annual voyage through the gay community. The *Washington Star* is running a series of articles on gays in government, and a local television news program plans another series on the gay community. The *Washington Post* whose coverage ranges from pretty awful to interesting (but has rarely if ever sunk to the crimes of the *New York Times* coverage) laid off a story on national gay politics after it discovered the National Gay Task Force's statements were most likely going to be, well, dumb.

In a March 27 letter, the Task Force leaders sought to recover from their latest misstep. They announced that they were asking Rep. Pete McCloskey (and by inference, the gay community) to "set aside" a previous NGTF letter that argued that this is not the time to fight for gay civil rights. Gay organizations across the country had called on Charles Brydon and Lucia Valeska to retract that letter or resign.

Gay leaders also asked the Task Force to take a more assertive stance,

but they may not have bargained for what they got. In the same mailing with the McCloskey "clarification" was a press release calling for a national discussion of why gay men engage in public sex. To get the discussion rolling, Charles Brydon threw out the suggestion that it was because gay men were afraid to hold hands when they were teenagers, and now they are making up for lost time. How much longer the Task Force can go on without addressing the real issues facing gays today is certainly open to question.

NGTF hopes to have a definitive answer to that in a month or so, according to their letter. Actually, it will not be a strategy to combat the New Right and the imminent threats. Instead, it will be a five-year educational plan, predicated on the assumption that the domino theory is alive and well. If the Task Force can only educate the bigots, they will write congress and say it is all right to pass gay rights bills now. This is called a grass roots campaign by Task Force leaders. Whether it will be more successful than, say, the Soviet Union's five-year agricultural plans remains to be seen.

In the meantime, it looks as though gays who want to step forward to meet the New Right before they land on the beaches of Christopher Street had better turn elsewhere. This may not be a bad thing. What gays in California learned in fighting the Briggs Initiative was that there were enormous resources in the community, and courage that went with it. It has never been easy to ask friends to write in support of gay rights, to the city council or the con-

gress, and it is too easy to dismiss as an empty gesture. It is not an empty gesture.

Gay people who continue to work against the odds are one of the most impressive and inspiring resources in the entire civil rights arena. The odds change. We have tremendously vital and spirited people, from writers like Edmund White to historians like Jonathan Katz and John D'Emilio. In San Francisco, there is a gay man who has made a project of rediscovering the history of gays in the military during World War II. Alan Berube simply started in on his own, and now has a lecture presentation that never fails to elicit that sense of hope that we are a strong community, with a heritage that we're discovering ourselves. It is the message brought to us by the Gay Men's Chorus or a Bloolips performance—the acknowledgement that we are here, that we know who we are, and that we are going to keep that.

Right now, keeping that sense of who we are, and our willingness to go out on many precarious limbs to enable others to have that sense as well—that is what the Christian Right wants to obliterate. It just isn't going to happen as long as gay people take their sense of their own worth with them wherever they go, and insist to their elected leaders and others that they will not accept being treated as if they are worth any less.

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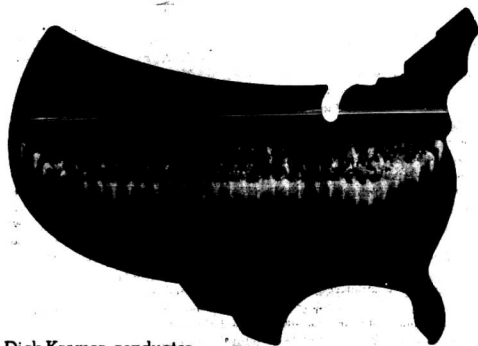
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MEDIA WATCH

All the Ad That Was Fit to Print

by David Rothenberg

I have not seen one newspaper story which names "heterosexual lust" as the motivation behind the attempted assassination of the President. Can you imagine the difference there would have been in news coverage if John Hinckley had been infatuated with, say, John Travolta, instead of Jodie Foster? Imagine how the press would have dealt with that.

And the presses roll on: A group of gay Key West business persons who have formed the Key West Business Guild collectively submitted and paid for a classified ad to run in two consecutive editions of the Sunday *New York Times* Travel section.

The prepared copy, as submitted to the *Times*, began: "Key West... Catering to your gay life-style. It is forever summer."

But when married couples began writing and arriving on the doorsteps of gay Key West guesthouses, the business guild called the *Times* to find out what had happened. The answer? The *Times* Acceptability for Advertising board had refused to pass the line "Catering to your gay life-style." The ad ran: "Key West... It is forever summer."

Good News Department: On *Time*, a publication of the Newspaper Guild of New York, reported in its March 9 issue that the new contract at Time-Life states, "Discrimination against employees on the basis of sexual orientation and marital status is now prohibited."

Edward Albee's stage adaptation of Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* is lascivious and leering, although I must confess that I was never a fan of the novel or the movie. It has always seemed to me that the book was afforded greater critical acclaim than it deserved, at least in part to justify the supposed hidden pleasures of heterosexual prepubescent lust.

Be that as it may, one of New York City's leading book critics, Eliot Fremont-Smith, pens in the March 18-24 *Village Voice*, "... in this instance, the application of a discernibly heterosexual sensibility to a profoundly heterosexual work of art did in the end."

I am not ready for critics to start discussing a "homosexual sensibility" until they can allow it to be fully assessed, and not only for negative implications.

Quite simply, Edward Albee has not written a good play since *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*. Albee's failing dramatic skill, not his sexuality, was the undoing of the stage version of *Lolita*.

Indeed, there is a "gay sensibility"—but it is less a matter of with whom we sleep than it is an antenna that arms us against heterosexual hypocrisy and duplicity. When we can have a dialogue on this level of "sensibility," the distinguished *Voice* critic can go unchallenged into his new terrain.

John Maher, one of America's genuine folk heroes, is the subject of a feature story in the January issue of *San Francisco* magazine. Maher, an ex-addict and ex-con, is the founder and driving force of the Delancey Street Foundation, a creative and effective residence program for former dope users. Maher and his wife, Mimi Silbert Maher, are also effective political theorists.

Chris Barnett, the interviewer, writes:

Maher feels the gay community is getting short-changed when it comes to police protection. Not overtly, perhaps, but by the shoveling of gay police. "We simply must have some gay police who can do undercover work, infiltrate narcotic rings, and not be recognized. Me and three other Irishmen with our brown shoes and Knights of Columbus medals are, for some reason, a little suspicious."

The undercover gay cops are only half a solution. Maher thinks gay uniformed officers are crucial "so this group doesn't feel alienated and hostile toward the police." But like the beat cop working the Fillmore and risking attack from a hostile public, why should a gay man run the risk of ridicule by straight lawmen, asks Maher. We've got to give them support other than lip service, he says.

We might have a need for two separate columns: one called Media Watch and a second to be named the *New York Post* watch—for that is a daily ordeal. On March 4th, the *Post* alone of the three New York dailies ran a story concerning the slayings of Atlanta's black children. It began, "Atlanta's child killer may be an effeminate man—or a woman—who believes his victims are better off dead than alive..." The subhead was "Effeminate Man or a Woman Who Feels Sorry for Victims." In fact, as of this writing there are no suspects, although there were reports of someone in a police car being seen talking with children.

Later in the story, the *Post* elaborated that the would-be killer could be "A man with feminine tendencies and no sense of humor, or a woman about 40 years old."

What do you think a story like that

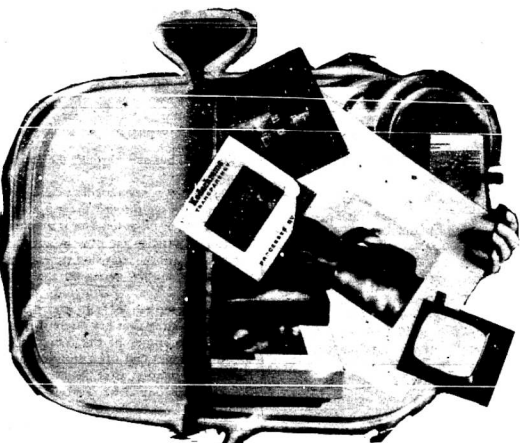


Illustration by Jack Keely

might do for frightened and desperate Atlanta parents?

Some issues back, I called attention to a *Time* magazine article stating that an openly gay employee at the super-secret National Security Agency had been allowed to hold his job. My lament was that the story failed to appear in any of the dailies. I should have made it clear that my reference was only to New York City papers, for a *Native* reader has passed on to me a clipping from the *Washington Post*. Staff writer Michael Geder penned an excellent report under the heading "Homosexual to Keep High-Security Job."

The *National Enquirer* ran a story in its March 3rd edition with a head that states, "Smoking Breakthrough: A Vaccine that Can Prevent Liver Cancer." The game to play with this article is to detect the missing truth. One sentence is: "The vaccine proved stunningly effective and completely safe in tests on more than 1,000 Americans." Later it states, "In New York, 1,083 male volunteers..." Of course, the fact that it was gay males in New York who volunteered for this research is not shared with readers. At no point in the *Enquirer* article is there any mention of our contribution. (The paper has a circulation of over 5,000,000.)

We have begun to recognize these omissions before we can change them.

An Associated Press story with a Dallas dateline begins:

Three murder charges have been filed against David Villarreal, a 25-year-old drifter who told police of several brutal slayings, some with "homosexual overtones," authorities said.

The fifth paragraph brings us back to the Dallas "authority."

"I can say that homosexual overtones are present in the killings," said Dallas homicide investigator

John Landers.

More clarification in paragraph six.

Dallas Police Sgt. Bill Parker added, "Anytime you have a gross overkill, multiple injuries, mutilation of the body, and do anything with fire to the body... you have a strong indication of a sexually related murder."

I would like to know who the authority is on "homosexual overtones" and why the AP reporter didn't challenge or pursue the use of "homosexual."

Stories, not very good ones, are surfacing on violence against gays. *Newsweek* and the *Los Angeles Times* both ran essays that seemed geared more to sexually titillate than to probe beneath the obvious.

I've talked to several people who were interviewed by *Newsweek* researchers; while the story was being written I personally was on the phone for half an hour with one pleasant *Newsweek* researcher. Many gay men interviewed, however, found themselves arguing with reporters seeking validation of their own preconceived positions.

Newsweek cites some violence which has taken place, pointing fingers at Moral Majority Inc. and other obvious homophobic villains. The magazine never makes connections between mainstream homophobia and violence against gays. No story on homophobia will be meaningful until reporters recognize that the anti-gay position of the religious and political leadership identifies victims for the irrational, the deranged, and the emotionally insecure. Glib stories with gaudy photos only exacerbate what has always been with us.

The Living section of the *Times* had a lengthy recipe article on the macrobiotic dinners served by choreographer Merce Cunningham and composer John Cage. But I have a question that wasn't answered by the *Times*: Why are those two men living together?

Burrowing Buggers

by Harold S. Ross, M.D.

Scabies is a highly contagious parasitic infection caused by the mite *Sarcoptes scabiei var hominis*, the only species of mite communicable from man to man. It has been known for hundreds of years, usually increasing in incidence under the conditions of war, as the result of crowding and of lowered personal hygiene. Under such conditions it may become epidemic, as indeed it did in Europe during World War II. It became common in the United States after World War II due to the return of the armed forces.

The incidence of scabies declined until the early Seventies, when a worldwide resurgence began to be seen. Since scabies is transmitted by close personal contact, sharing a bed with an infested person (with or without sexual contact) can result in infestation. It is safe to assume, however, that sexual transmission of scabies has played the major role in its spread and that the increased sexual permissiveness of recent years is the biggest reason for its resurgence.

As with most sexually transmitted diseases, scabies is seen primarily in the most sexually active members of the community. Hence its high incidence in gay men is not surprising.

How long is the incubation period?

The incubation period varies greatly, and some individuals may be infested for several weeks or even months with-

out noting any symptoms. The long incubation period is characteristic of individuals who have never had scabies before. The incubation period is always shorter when an individual is reinfested—usually 24 hours. This striking difference in incubation periods is probably due to the allergic sensitization which occurs upon contact with the mite and its excretions.

What are the signs and symptoms?

The outstanding symptom is intense itching which is characteristically more severe at night. The rash consists of mite burrows, scratch marks, and reddish bumps (papules) which involve the webs of the fingers, the wrists, the region of the belt line, the umbilicus, the lower buttocks, the ankles and feet, and, in males, the penis and scrotum.

The most typical sign of scabies is the slightly elevated grayish-white burrow, made by the female mite only,



which can easily be seen in early, uncomplicated cases, before the individual has had a chance to do much scratching. The mite itself may be found at the closed end of the burrow by the examining physician. In adults, lesions are almost never found on the head or neck,

THE ROSS REPORT

What are the complications?

Constant scratching may result in secondary bacterial infection. In addition, allergic reaction to the mite and its excretions may result in hives. Very rarely, kidney involvement or pneumonia may occur due to a spread of the bacterial infection.

Can scabies be mistaken for other skin disorders?

If the typical burrows have been scratched away, the incorrect diagnosis of eczema or similar dermatologic conditions may be made, and the correct treatment may not be given until the condition has become severe and the individual has gone on to infect others.

What is the treatment?

The preferred treatment is gamma benzene hexachloride, marketed as Kwell Lotion or Cream, and available by prescription only. The patient is instructed to first take a hot soapy shower. After drying the skin, the patient should apply a thin layer of medication over the entire skin surface from the neck down. The medication should be left off for 24 hours and then thoroughly washed off. I usually advise the patient to repeat the treatment after 48 hours, and in many cases after one week as

well. All sexual contacts should be treated at the same time. In addition, thorough laundering or dry-cleaning of clothing and bedding should be carried out.

Due to the allergic reaction which accompanies mite infestation, the itch may continue even after the mites have been killed. The use of a "cortisone" cream will often help, as will the administration of antihistamines by mouth. Two other causes of persistent itching after initial treatment are sexual contact with an untreated partner with resulting reinfestation, and drying of the skin due to over-treatment.

Of course, just the thought that those little buggers might still be around, burrowing like crazy, might be enough to make even the not-so-squeamish itch like mad.

Harold Ross, M.D., specializes in the treatment of sexually transmitted diseases and dermatology and is in private practice in Manhattan. He invites you to send letters or comments to him at:

The New York Native
250 West 37th Street
Suite 417
New York, NY 10017

Please indicate whether your letter is intended for publication and, if so, whether your name may be used.



by Stuart Berger, M.D., M.P.H.

Dear Dr. Berger:

My older brother, who is nineteen, told me a few years ago that he's gay (I'm seventeen). Although I love him and feel very close to him, my friends ridicule him, and sometimes they ridicule me. I wonder whether my support of him is because I am secretly gay, or because I care for him.

Signed,
Confused

Dear Confused:

Fear not—homosexuality is not particularly contagious. That is, simply because you are sympathetic and supportive of your brother doesn't necessarily mean that you harbor secret homosexual fantasies.

Clearly you have been put in an uncomfortable position with your peers. Seventeen-year-old men are in the midst

of a particularly difficult time of life: they're trying to develop their own sexual identities. It is at this point in a young man's life that fears of alternative sexualities are most threatening and most manifest.

I implore you to be patient. Your friends will soon be well beyond their fears, and if they aren't, they shouldn't be your friends.

As for your brother, I'm quite certain that he appreciates every ounce of your supportive and loving care.

Dear Dr. Berger:

I am a graduate of an Ivy-League law school, I have a position in a Wasp Wall-Street firm, and I'm thirty. During college, I played basketball, and I've always been perceived as the all-around American jock. Of late, I've become increasingly uncomfortable being in the closet; my work and my colleagues are exquisite rationalizations for the maintenance of my closet. It seems I'm being dishonest with myself, and yet I don't know that I have any other choice. My career is probably at stake.

Looking for an Answer

Dear Looking:

You've described an extremely common predicament. There is no answer to your problem except that you need to be reminded that your coming out need

not be a public announcement. In other words, people are not awaiting engagement cards. In the process of working out a gradual coming out, perhaps you would most strongly benefit from maintaining an office life and an independent emotional/sexual life, which is a fairly common practice, even in the heterosexual world. As different problems arise as a result of this position, I'm confident that with your superb training and legal mind you will be able to negotiate a viable and satisfactory settlement.

Come out a little bit at a time. Surely there is someone in your professional life in whom you trust. Come out at a tempo that feels most comfortable to you. You don't have to make an announcement to the society editor of the Wall Street Journal, nor do you have to go home every night at six o'clock and sit by yourself. All too often people forget about the color gray and instead focus on black or white.

After all, what good will your career do you in a few years' time if you're feeling enough pressure today from within your closet to write the letter you wrote?

Dear Dr. Berger:

I'm very concerned that when you answer people's questions without seeing them or knowing about their histories that your advice, by definition,

is at best superficial. Do you want us to believe that you are providing psychiatric treatment to those people who write you?

What's Your Angle?

Dear Skeptic:

I think your question is an important one for one reason alone: it enables me to clarify that the content and advice contained in these columns are not medically or psychologically endorsed for any specific person, but rather are common-sense formulations based on other clinical experiences. In no way should anyone use such information as a substitute for professional help. Rather, if the advice seems reasonable or helpful to you (or any reader), you should include it among other information or conversation gathered to assist you in solving your problem. Ultimately, each person is going to need to trust his or her own feelings.

Dr. Berger invites you to submit letters or comments to him at:

Stuart Berger, M.D., M.P.H.
480 Second Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please indicate whether your letter is intended for publication in the New York Native and, if so, whether your name may be used.

ASK DR. BERGER

Gay in Poland: Lovers' Solidarity

by Stefanowski

Editor's note: "Stefanowski" is the pseudonym of a freelance writer who lives in New York. During extensive travels in Poland two years ago, he met a Polish man, George, with whom he began a relationship. (For obvious political reasons, all names in this piece have been changed.)

The first half of this two-part article was printed in *Native 9*. A synopsis, in the author's words:

Time passes quickly in Poland. One measures the days against deadlines. There is no before, no after, only an enormous now. I had met something essential in George; he in me. Beyond the externals, we were together, the same. I was a displaced American in search of my blood. Here was my brother. Without word or explanation we seemed to know something about each other that neither of us knew about himself.

It would be a lie to say that our nationalities had nothing to do with our attraction: they are a part of us, a reality, and oddly, a perfectly valid, concrete thing to be desired. A desperation is created by barriers, and the East-West barrier is a constant reminder of precisely how helpless and frustrated people are. But emotion is dangerous. That barrier will rip people apart without a trace of mercy. I was free and could fly away. We was sad and shackled. I wanted to take him with me and see him smile. We were in a pressure cooker. And we were in love.

I realized there was one thing I could try to give George: a choice. But I was planting potent seeds. Going to America is the ultimate dream, and one that rarely comes true. Here an adult man had lived in an outdoor prison all his life. The idea of freedom is presented to him—the most incredible sensation he could fathom. I was changing someone's life, and the greatness of such a responsibility is enormous. But it filled me with purpose and dedication. We had a goal, a future, a tomorrow. Soon it was all we talked about—when George would come to "Nowy Jork."

Inviting a Pole to the United States is a complicated procedure. An official letter of invitation, accompanied by an affidavit of financial support, must be sent to Poland through their embassy in the States; an application is made for a visa after the Polish government has approved a passport. Here was our snag. Passports are denied the mentally disturbed, physically disabled, and homosexuals. Our fate hinged on the perceptions and actions of the passport officer who might find reason not to issue George's passport, the official who might read our mail, the observations of those who follow you in Poland. And, if so, what fate would George face? This is the definition of oppression, the subtle existence of slavery, a neat and tidy Pogrom.

Filled with despair, I wanted to leave, and it was nearing departure time. But how could I leave George and begin the process of bringing him to America, filled with a hope so vulnerable to a machine of regulatory power? All I could ask, again and again, was: why do they care? What difference could it make to them? Leave us alone! All I could do was extend my visa, which I did, giving us another week to prepare for the long goodbye.

It was eerie. I could not wait to leave, and yet my impending departure terrified me.

The morning came. Because the hotel had been on the lookout for him, because his family had been on the lookout for him, because we were in Poland and it is different there, George could not spend that last night with me. For this I cannot forgive Poland. It was very early in the morning with a cold wind in August. George came to take me, to the

We sat at the airport and waited for the time to come for me to board the plane.
We held hands and kept whispering "Kohanie"—my love.
We just cried and cried, like babies, not caring who saw us.
I buried my head in his shoulder and said, "Nie daleko America"—not far America.
A lie. I knew that I might never see him again.

September 1980—One Year Later

He never came to America. Nowy Jork. Instead came Carter's Cold War. Not the Moscow Olympics. East does not meet West. The somewhat political calm of the year before was shattered, and with that crash went my dreams. Iran, the Shah, the hostages, Afghanistan. Boom.

We said goodbye. Most of my group had already left Poland. Those of us who stayed felt our buffer gone. We were that much closer and unprotected. There was no one to help us with the intricacies of communication and official procedure. Visas and deadlines, train tickets, hotels were now our cross to bear. *Moreso*, our shield was lowered. Whatever special status we had fantasized as ours was gone. We were no longer a group of theater students for whom the red carpet had been unrolled. We were individuals, alone, de-

airport. We could not speak. We could hardly look at each other.

While I did some final packing, George was writing at the desk. Then he gave me his gift. In an old envelope, gray, tattered, were postcards of Warsaw. He must have had them for years. Some were watercolors. Some were photos of Warsaw after the War. It was all he had to give. Nothing. And everything. The Poles are not anti-materialism—they just do not have. George's kind of poverty and humility, the simplicity of his giving, the nakedness of his surroundings, overwhelmed me. He had nothing, and I could only offer a dim hope. I could hardly face the genuine purity of his sorrow—clear, exact, like a knife through my heart. Postcards. In a drawer, by themselves, for years. Maybe from his childhood. Warsaw in ruins. Immeasurable suffering that these people carry forever. I taste its salt and quickly pack these cards. Old, worn, like Poland, I would bring them with me to "free-

dom," a part of George, but not him. Still, a treasure. A representation of that which is pathetic, the unbearably sad concrete truth.

We sat at the airport waiting for the time to come for me to board the plane. We held hands and kept whispering "Kohanie"—my love. We just cried and cried, like babies, not caring who saw us. I buried my head in his shoulder and said, "Nie daleko America"—not far America. A lie. I knew that I might never see him again. The immigrant paring the old country. I clutched that envelope tightly. We held each other close. I was already home, but in my own disbelief I went away. That safe place in his arm would slip into memory. He walked off and I flew back to a different world.

So began the long, anxious process of fulfilling a promise. I returned to New York flat broke, out of a job, and got work cleaning a restaurant. My life here was in a shambles, but it did not matter. I was on a Holy Mission. A crusade. I felt as though I could single-handedly conquer the Soviet bloc. Gabriel was blowing his horn and the walls of Jericho would come tumbling down. Knowing it would be weeks, maybe months, before any mail would reach George, I sent post cards, Mailgrams, letters daily. Finally mail started to reach me and I felt that all was well for the moment. Mail was arriving from other friends as well and I was consumed with this, my other world. All sorts of plans, ideas, possibilities were in the air.

I was careful what I wrote, being as ambiguous as possible about my feelings and our plans. This was the most difficult. I wanted to share everything. It was the only place we had for our intimacy, yet it was the most vulnerable. No account could be trusted. Some said the Poles only checked mail for money, others said they had special machinery for reading mail without opening it, still others thought they were only interested in officials and higher-ups. These reports were as conflicting as news from Poland: it was getting tighter, it was loosening up, it's the same as it was. Nothing was worth the risk. Besides, after George had applied for a passport, he may have become material to be checked out. I remembered seeing a pile of mail that was returned to a hotel I was staying in, all undelivered, all neat-



Warsaw as it stands today

A WOMAN'S WRITE

Gospel Reverie

by Dorothy Allison

In the Brooklyn train station, the painfully thin old woman in a stocking cap wandered back and forth, singing loudly in short pauses, "Oh Jesus... Jesus take me, I am ready for to go..." She sounded perfectly serious but ended on a cracking laugh. A very pale, very fat man with only the thinnest fringe of gray hair on the back of his head slipped her some change as he hurried toward the IRT. He didn't even come to a stop in the process, but she turned to sing loudly to his back, "Oh Jesus, Jesus somewhere!" When she turned back she gave me a wary glance and then a slow wink, and then another "Jesus, Jesus," before she moved on down the track.

I have a weakness for gospel singers. When I was thirteen one of my closest friends was a young albino woman who desperately wanted to grow up to be either a famous country-western singer or an equally famous gospel singer. It didn't matter much which it turned out to be, she told me, since either would get to travel around the country a lot and collect husbands. Her name was Shannon and her mother worked for the local TV station, which gave them both the opportunity to get friendly with the gospel groups that would appear on the "Sunrise Harmony Hour." Some of the groups would occasionally stay over at Shannon's house and ride in for the early-morning program with her mother. At the time, Shannon appeared to have only one great skill: she could write in easily seven different handwriting styles. It was this skill that had endeared her to the performers. She'd sign their promotional pictures by the stack, and in gratitude they'd take her backstage at the Rhythm Ranch uptown, which alternated gospel programs with country-western.

It was Shannon who told me that the only way to tell the difference between gospel and country was to watch which

ones carried a Bible onstage with them. Otherwise they were indistinguishable: everybody got roaring drunk before going on and everybody seemed to have one white suit with sequined shoulders. Taking these details as primary, Shannon got us a bottle of Jim Beam and eight bags of sequins. We figured it would take us a while to handle the Jim Beam, but we got right into outlining the seams of the white jacket her Daddy had given her for Easter.

Neither of us considered Shannon's ambition at all unusual, just as we never discussed the fact that there didn't seem to be any albino singers of any kind. There was one elderly woman who sang irregularly on the Harmony Hour; her hair was so fine and white that Shannon always remarked, "She looks like me." But the fact was, she didn't. The fact was, Shannon in her white suit looked like nothing so much as a chalk doll whose eyes had run pink, and no matter how much Jim Beam she consumed, Shannon couldn't sing. I never told her that. When she wanted to try it out, I even accompanied her down to Talent Night to wait offstage while she went on in her white suit and determination. She came off covered with sweat and her hands pulling back up into her sleeves with nervousness.

"What'd you think?" she asked me. "You'll be better when you learn to drink," I lied.

Shannon took a deep breath, pushed her fine white hair off her pale pink forehead and looked me right in the eye. "Yeah."

I can't see a pale blonde woman now, or hear anyone yell "Jeezus..." without echoing that moment, both of us knowing we were lying and lying still in mutual admiration and love. As I said, it's left me with a weakness for gospel singers and arrogant women who will not admit that they are not equal to their own ambitions.

Shannon got into the business anyway. She turned out to have quite a skill for stitching sequins. She even made it to the Grand Ole Opry backstage on the invitation of the Creek Mountain Gospel Family after she made them up eight powder-blue jackets with identical silver cruciform panels on the sleeves. Last I heard, she was commuting back and forth between Memphis and Chattanooga, and was going to marry her fourth husband in the spring.

ly opened and stapled back together.

Men and women, whatever their citizenship, still make sense to the State, to the Church, to the maintenance of the System. Men and men do not, and what does not make sense is dissidence. Although the dynamics of a heterosexual relationship between an American and an Eastern European may be similar to those between men, the politics are not. The same madness would envelop the relationship, the same bureaucracy infiltrate it. But there is a difference, one that is not exclusively a Communist denial: marriage, that all-powerful, revolutionary document, that validates a relationship, changes citizenship as fast as one can say, "I do." Much less extreme is the privilege of the truth. In a country of suppressed information, surveillance, and censored mail, it is priceless. Men and women may have their mail read, but they can still state their love, describe their loneliness, express their longing. To be across the ocean without even the words is to have no hands. It is a straitjacket. A lifetime is waiting to be said, and fear makes one wait.

George and I could not even suppose each other in our emotional struggle. A passport was at stake. We could not solve our dilemma through marriage. If marriage is the primary solution for most politically entangled straight relationships, what protection—or, for that matter, even sympathy—is there for gay relationships? To what agency does one go for official or governmental help? Yet again and again one hears of families reunited with the help of... husbands and wives meeting once more after Siberia because of the intervention of... George and I were not relatives, we had no hands of gold, but we were human beings wanting the same happiness that so many organizations fight to give others.

I became involved in an underground network of communication. As time passed, I was more desperate to somehow get closer to the source. Friends let me know who was traveling to Poland, who could carry a letter and mail it locally, lessening the chance of it being read. I received phone calls from friends of friends who brought letters from George to me. George had already received his official invitation, so I was speaking to people about carpentry jobs, planning for his arrival.

Whenever the chance was mine, I would ask about political changes. Once I was told that visas from the Americans were impossible, but passports were still being issued. Then I heard that medical professionals were recalled for service, as they are permanently in the military reserves. George was still of age, and once active in the military, it is years before travel to the West is allowed. Poland was mobilizing. United States/Soviet relations were becoming more strained by the day.

A Polish friend married to an American came up with an elaborate plot for George and me to speak on the phone. Enclosed in a letter to her mother were instructions for her to forward to George. He was to go to a friend's apartment in Warsaw, since she had a telephone, and call from there. It takes weeks for a call to get connected from Poland to the States, so he was to wire to notify us when the call would come through. No wire. No call.

A passport is usually issued or rejected within six to eight weeks. It had been about that long since he had applied when I got a call from a Polish man who just arrived from Warsaw. He had a let-

ter. George wrote that he had not heard from me in weeks, asked what happened to me, wondered whether I was hurt or ill. I immediately wired. No answer. The same man sent a letter over with another friend, but no answer. Eventually he himself was mysteriously instructed to return, a year prematurely. He promised to write with information about George and his passport. No news arrived. Six months passed—and a letter filled with George's longing, quiet patience, confusion, and bewildered concern, was the last contact we have had. We have been cut off.

What happened? Or how to find out what happened? George probably did not get his passport, or his is one of those applications that will sit and sit for years. But why? Is it because of the general political turmoil, or is it because of some sort of information the government has specifically about him? The reasons for a denial could be many, the consequences varied. If it is a specific denial? I know nothing about possible repercussions. News of my love's well-being is withheld from me.

The prospect of coming to America forces him to confront his limitations in a very concrete way. The possibility of defeat is more palpable than the reality. I must live without him; he must live with the knowledge of being without. His possible feelings of rejection or defeat are the end of our long battle—for now. But I am not allowed to share this with him, not allowed a word from him, nor a word of comfort to him. I am afraid for him, for his health, for the precarious place he lives. The System works. They got me.

Polish workers are striking again. Government heads are beginning to roll. I cannot help wondering how long before those of the workers go. How many more unmarked graves will there be? How many men will disappear as they have before? In August Screen Actors Guild strikers shared the TV news with the strikers in Gdansk. In Hollywood they laughed and signed autographs; in Poland they went without meat. Is it a question of oppression or expressionism? Here the gays demand their rights, but at least the demand can be made, the march marched, even if the liberties do not exist. One can scream if beaten or know that someone might scream for you. But not without tongues. No scream is heard that reaches into a void. The gay schoolteacher in Mississippi can leave Mississippi. But there is no hope where there is no exit.

Socialism and communism are the targets for something much more basic. These are not economic questions. The question is control. Once individuality is relinquished to government, can it ever be regained—and can government ever be stopped? Those born under the socialist system still yearn for this "other" existence, and know that even though it is denied, it is theirs to reclaim. What separates us from them is that we still have some small voice. I vow to always fight for that.

I have learned to count my blessings along with my sheep. There will still be schemes and efforts to find George, to hear of him, to see him again. I like to believe, as he wrote in my journal, that we will meet again in heaven if not in America. Perhaps this is why the Communists cannot destroy the Church? How does one keep going if there is nothing better than this?

Maybe there is an exit, after all.

WORD OF MOUTH IS FINE

but why wait for one of our clients to reach you?

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The Church Divided

A Jesuit Priest Who Beggars to Differ

A liberal Catholic theologian grants his first interview since being forbidden by the Church to speak publicly on the subject of sexuality and ethics.

A Conversation with Father John McNeill and Dr. Lawrence Mass

Like Hans Kung and Edward Schillebeeckx, two Catholic theologians who have been rebuked by Rome for their outspoken liberalism, Father John McNeill is among the most controversial figures in contemporary theological scholarship. When his book, *The Church and the Homosexual*, was first published in 1976, it created a furor. Despite Rome's subsequent withdrawal of the imprimi potest, its official permission to publish, the book has since been translated into five languages.

John J. McNeill is a Jesuit priest, a moral theologian and a founder of Dignity New York. He has taught at Fordham University, Le Moyne College, and Woodstock Seminary. In addition to his S.T.L. degree from Woodstock Seminary and his Ph.D. degree from Bellarmine College, McNeill received his Ph.D. in philosophy from the Institut Supérieur de Philosophie, Louvain University in Belgium.

The author wishes to dedicate this piece to the memory of Vernon Kroening, founder and director of Music at St. Josephs (New York) and a member of Dignity New York. Kroening was one of two gay men who were shot and killed in a machine-gun attack on the Ramrod bar last November 19.

MASS: What were the circumstances surrounding the church's withdrawal of the imprimi potest, the official permission to publish, from your book, *The Church and the Homosexual*?

McNEILL: The imprimi potest was granted to allow me to present this subject and my point of view for scholastic debate, but only among my peers in academic theological circles. The problem arose when it became a media success. I appeared on many talk shows and lectured in thirty cities. Rome felt that the public nature of the ensuing debate was contrary to the understanding with which the imprimi potest had been granted. American bishops subsequently protested to Rome that some of my public statements were causing confusion about church doctrine and raising false hopes.

This explains why you were subsequently forbidden to speak publicly on the subject of homosexuality and ethics, a prohibition you continue to rigorously obey. But it does not explain the unconditional withdrawal of the imprimi potest.

I think the withdrawal was felt to be necessary as a means of emphasizing that the church's position on homosexuality had not, in fact, undergone any

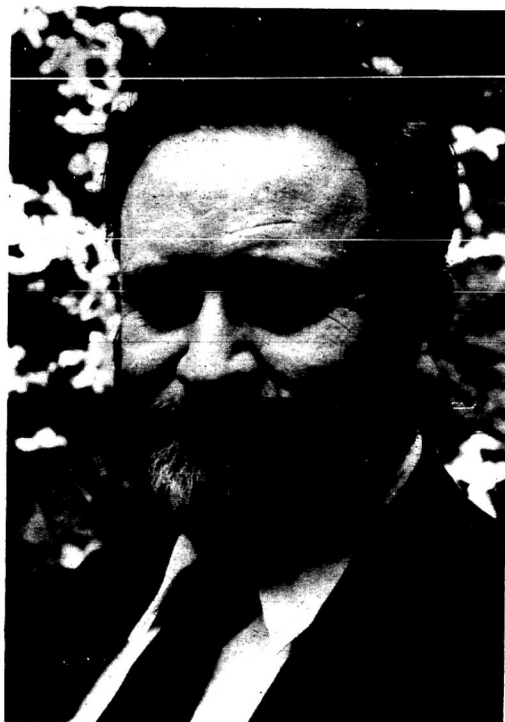


Photo of Father John McNeill by Suzanne Poor

official change.

Certainly the Pope's statements about homosexuality while in Chicago strongly reaffirmed the church's traditional position. Nevertheless, wasn't John Paul II the first Pope in history to publicly recognize the legitimate existence of a theologically independent, constitutional "homosexual orientation"?

Yes. In this sense, I think his statement did indeed represent a very definite advance. His explicit recognition of a psychic homosexual orientation is, in fact, unprecedented. Of course, he continues to maintain the traditional Church position that all nonprocreative sexuality is sinful.

Gay people sometimes observe that some of the worst opposition to their social acceptance and integration comes from gay people themselves; that is, from powerful, successful, but closeted

homosexuals who feel that their reputations would be jeopardized by any affirmative involvement with gay concerns. Some infer that this is especially true of the priesthood. Do you agree?

I think that in many instances the homophobia you are speaking about is irrational and unconscious, the result of repressed homosexuality. But you find this everywhere, including the Church. I must say, however, that my sense of the priesthood's general openness to gay concerns, to the gay community, is extremely positive. I'm very much in touch with the grassroots clergy, the priests and the nuns out in the parishes who are working with the poor, the needy, the sick, etc. I have been deeply and consistently impressed by their warmth and support and by their genuine understanding. The number of reactionaries, those who are phobic about homo-

sexuality, is, I think, extremely minimal. Unfortunately, some of these individuals are in positions of power in the Church, as they are everywhere else. But again, I must emphasize the true power of the grassroots movement that has grown so strong during the last ten years and that is so clearly with the gay community in its struggle for dignity.

I also want to say that many of the greatest spiritual leaders I've known, tremendously productive individuals, were and are homosexually oriented. This has been generously acknowledged by other distinguished theologians, like Paul Moore. In his new book, *Christianity, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality*, John Boswell also points this out. It is interesting to speculate why this should be so. In my book, I quoted Jung's observation that the homosexual is often "endowed with a wealth of religious feelings, which help him to bring the ecclesia spiritualis into reality, and a spiritual receptivity which makes him responsive to revelation." Of course, Jung was generally much more open to questions of spirituality than his mentor, Freud. In fact, their differences proved to be irreconcilable.

You are a practicing psychotherapist as well as a Jesuit scholar. Are you a Jungian?

My psychotherapeutic orientation, at least for now, is in the object relations school—more Sullivanian. But Jung had much to say. Each of the special qualities he attributes to the homosexual community is usually considered a striking characteristic of Christ himself, like the extraordinary ability to meet an individual's unique person free of stereotypes, or the refusal to accomplish goals by means of violence. The point I'm trying to make here is not, of course, that Christ was a homosexual any more than he was a heterosexual. His example clearly transcends our current homosexual/heterosexual dialectic. My point is that Christ was an extraordinarily free and fulfilled human being.

What about the many scholarly observations (including Boswell's) that Christ's most deeply intimate human relationship was with Saint John?

I think what we see in Jesus is the total freedom to love, to relate to any human being. Many priests have succeeded in incarnating these positive qualities of Christ. And, as we've said, many priests in many denominations are homosexually oriented. The gay community, if it were allowed to be itself, to develop its special qualities, has a major role to fulfill in helping to bring about the ideal that Christ represented.

Continued on page 21

N A T I V E GUIDE

Edited by Harold Jay Klein

EVENTS FOR APRIL 13-27

SPECIAL EVENTS

TUESDAY, APRIL 14

UPPER WEST SIDE LESBIAN AND GAY ASSOCIATION monthly general meeting at 7:30 to discuss "Lesbians and Gay Men Together: Allies or Adversaries?" At the West-Park Presbyterian Church, 165 West 86th Street. Refreshments served.

A SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION SHOW featuring what we will be wearing during the upcoming warmer months. Social appearance by the stars of "Randy and Panzi Present" doing numbers from that successful show. At the West Side Discussion Group. (See organizations for details.)

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15

STONEWALL CHORALE SPRING CONCERT: A chorus of lesbians and gay men. At the Central Presbyterian Church, Park Avenue at 64th Street. \$5 contribution.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16

RICHARD PRICE, author of *LADIES MAN*, *BLOOD BROTHERS*, and *THE WANDERERS* does readings from new unpublished works at Three Lives and Company Ltd., 131 Seventh Avenue South, at 8 p.m.

KATHERINE D. SEELMAN heads a program on energy from a woman's perspective, including use of nuclear energy, escalating prices, and renewable resources. At the Gay Women's Alternative, at the Universalist Church, Central Park West at 76th Street, at 8 p.m. Contribution is \$3.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17

ELEO POMARE DANCE CLOSE-UP II: Dancers performing solos, duets, and trios from the new Pomare repertoire. At the Foundation for the Vital Arts, 78 Fifth Avenue, fifth floor at 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18

FRONT RUNNERS NY weekly fun run at Central Park. Meet at Tavern on the Green, 66th Street and Central Park West, at 10 a.m.

CHERI FEIN and **STEVE HAMILTON**, whose poems will be in the new anthology *COMING ATTRACTIONS*, do readings of their works at The Ear Inn, 326 Spring Street. Readings start at 2 p.m.

GAY ATHEIST LEAGUE OF AMERICA (GALA) monthly party. Held at 322 West 57th St., apartment 43-H (Boyd), at 9 p.m. B.Y.O.B. For more information call Don Berrington at 595-1445.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19

VITO RUSSO with film excerpts from his new book *THE CELLULOID CLOSET* at the East Village Lesbian and Gay Neighbors, 26 St. Marks Place, at 8 p.m. Coffee, and tea social follows the program.

EASTER ORATORIO: Works by Johann Sebastian Bach performed by the Holy Trinity Bach Choir, Soloists, and Orchestra at Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Central Park West at 65th Street, at 5 p.m.

MONDAY, APRIL 20

DR. CHARLES SILVERSTEIN, psychologist and author, will speak on "Love Between the Generations," at the NAMBLA meeting, 151 W. 18th Street (near Seventh Avenue), seventh floor, 7 p.m. Donation is \$2.50.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21

A LOOK AT THE MAN/BOY ISSUE featuring Bob Rhodes, a leader in NAMBLA, and membership chairman of the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee, at the West Side Discussion Group. (See Organizations for details.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT, presented as a Black and White Men Together social event at the Public Theater, Lafayette Street and Astor Place. Tickets are \$10 and \$12; time for half-price tickets starts at 6 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22

D.A.R.E. MEETING at the Washington Square Methodist Church, West Fourth Street between Sixth Avenue and MacDougal Street.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23

GAY MALE S-M ACTIVISTS general meeting, featuring psychologist and therapist Dr. Hal Kooden speaking on "Psychotherapy and S/M: Psychopathology or Avant-Garde?" Question and discussion period will follow. Gay males only, \$2 per person donation requested. 80 Fifth Avenue, suite 1601 at 7:30 p.m.

SCOTT SPENCER, author of *ENDLESS LOVE*, *PRESERVATION HALL*, and *LAST NIGHT AT THE BRAIN THIEVES* BALL reads from new unpublished works at Three Lives and Company Ltd., 131 Seventh Avenue South at 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25

EDMUND WHITE and **JANE DELYNN**, two of America's most exciting fiction writers, perform readings from unpublished works at The Ear Inn, 326 Spring Street, at 2 p.m.

FRONT RUNNERS NY Saturday fun run at Central Park. Meet at 90th Street and Fifth Avenue at 10 a.m.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26

SUNDAY FUN RUN through the "Canyons of New York." Meet at the snack bar in front of the Statue of Liberty ferry in Battery Park at 12 noon.

MISS BENICE BRILLIANT, lyric coloratura, will perform works by Mozart, Wolf, Thomas, Puccini, Duke, Roy, Hageman, and Bishop at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden at 4:30 p.m. In the Auditorium located at 1000 Washington Avenue, followed by a reception on the Fragrance Garden Terrace.

GALA monthly meeting. At Zuckerman Studio, 231 W. 18th Street, third floor, at 5 p.m. For more information call Don Berrington, 595-1445.

CABARETS

MONDAY, APRIL 13

BARBI KAVANAUGH (at 8) and **KEITH CHRISTOPHER** (at 10) at the Duplex.

LOU TATTOO, **DIANE PONZIO**, **GREGORY FLEEMAN**, and **MARTA HEFLIN** at s.n.a.f.u.

BOB CUNNINGHAM and **BROSS TOWSEND** with **JANN PARKER** at the Greene Street Cafe.

SHELLEN LUBIN (at 8) at Mickey's.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14

BELLES JESTE (at 8) and **HERB and PATATO** (at 10) at the Duplex.

FILTHY RICH and **PENCILS** at s.n.a.f.u.

STORMIN' NORMAN and **SUZU** at the Greene Street Cafe.

PIANO MAN, a revue featuring the works of Franklin Roosevelt Underwood (at 8 and 10:30) at Mickey's.

PAT STANLEY (at 8:30) at Once Upon a Stove.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15

SAMANTHA SAMUELS (at 8) and **MARK KATZ** (at 10) at the Duplex.

DON YOWELL at s.n.a.f.u.

STORMIN' NORMAN and **SUZU** continues at the Greene Street Cafe.

VALERIE PIACENTI (at 8) and **SORROW ASTRASA** (at 10:30) at Mickey's.

CIRO BARBARO (at 8:30) at Once Upon a Stove.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16

SAMANTHA SAMUELS (at 8 and 10) at the Duplex.

LAZOO and **CRAIG VAN DENBURGH** at s.n.a.f.u.

RAW SUGAR performs through the 18th at the Greene Street Cafe.

JUDY KRESTON (at 8:30 and 11) has a show that is part jazz, part pop, and all mesmerizing and electrifying. At Once Upon a Stove.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17

SAMANTHA SAMUELS (at 9 and 11) at the Duplex.

BOBBY REID, **CLONETONES**, and **THE MINX** at s.n.a.f.u.

RAW SUGAR continues at the Greene Street Cafe.

THE DREAM (at 8) and **HIGH HEELED WOMEN** (at 10:30). **HIGH HEELED WOMEN** are a four-member comedy group who recently through their hats... I mean heels... into the race for Mayor of New York. "If elected, our first order of business will be to legalize High Heel Lanes on the sidewalks." At Mickey's.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18

SEMINA DE LAURENTIS (at 9) and **KAREN MASON** with **BRIAN LASSE** (at 11) at the Duplex.

GALEN BLUM and **JOTTERS** at s.n.a.f.u.

RAW SUGAR continues at the Greene Street Cafe.



Continuing their campaign at Mickey's, the High Heeled Women. Photo by: Gege Bagnato

THE LOOSE CONNECTION (at 8) and **THE MANHATTAN RHYTHM KINGS** (at 10:30 and 12). Blending Dixieland jazz with pop sounds from the '30s and '40s, **THE MANHATTAN RHYTHM KINGS** remain at Mickey's.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19

JANE GALVIN-LEWIS and the **COMMOTIONS** at s.n.a.f.u.

JORGE DALTO with **THE BRAZILIAN MAGIC BAND** at the Greene Street Cafe.

MONDAY, APRIL 20

HOLLY WOODLAWN (at 8) and **PASCAL BOURRIER** (at 10) at the Duplex.



Holly Woodlawn brings the meaning of fine cabaret into focus at the Duplex.

LOU TATTOO, **DIANE PONZIO**, and **GREGORY FLEEMAN** at s.n.a.f.u.

BOB CUNNINGHAM and **BROSS TOWSEND** with **NORRIS TURNEY** at the Greene Street Cafe.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21

BELLES JESTE (at 8) and **HERB and PATATO** (at 10) at the Duplex.

FILTHY RICH and **MC CORKLE** at the Greene Street Cafe.

PIANO MAN (at 8 and 10:30) at Mickey's.

PAT STANLEY (at 8:30) sharing the stage with **MICHAEL CROUCH**, performing hits from Broadway including the number she sang in *FIORIELLO*, "I Love a Cop." At Once Upon a Stove.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22

DEBBIE LESSER (at 8) and **MARK KATZ** (at 10) at the Duplex.

ANNIE DINERMAN and **BOBBY REID** at s.n.a.f.u.

SUSANNAH MC CORKLE continues at the Greene Street Cafe.

CIRO BARBARO (at 8:30) at Once Upon a Stove.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23

NANCY LA MOTT (at 8) and **ROCHELLE SELDIN** (at 10). **NANCY LA MOTT** is someone worth waving a flag for. A voice that's unsurpassed and an enthusiasm unmatched. At the Duplex.

HARRY WHITAKER with **MARILYN REDFIELD** at the Greene Street Cafe.

JUDY KRESTON (at 8:30 and 11) at Once Upon a Stove.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24

MARION GALLO (at 9) and **KAREN MASON** with **BRIAN LASSE** (at 11) at the Duplex.

GUIDE

SHADOWMEN and GREGORY FLEEMAN at s.n.a.f.u.
HARRY WHITAKER with MARILYN RED-FIELD continues at the Greene Street Cafe.

THE DREAM (at 8) and **HIGH HEeled WOMEN** (at 10:30). **THE DREAM** keeps the spirit of the '50s alive as they shoo-bop their way through such classics as "At The Hop" and "You Send Me." At Mickey's.



Nancy LaMott brings a bit of bawdy to the Duplex. Photo by: Ken Duncan

SATURDAY, APRIL 25

SEMINA DE LAURENTIS (at 9) and **KAREN MASON** with **BRIAN LASSER** (at 11) at the Duplex.

LORNA WARDEN, THE BUSINESS, and PHOEBE LEGERE at s.n.a.f.u.
HARRY WHITAKER with MARILYN RED-FIELD continues at the Greene Street Cafe.

THE LOOSE CONNECTION (at 8) and **THE MANHATTAN RHYTHM KINGS** (at 10:30 and 12) at Mickey's.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26

JANE GALVIN-LEWIS at s.n.a.f.u.
JORGE DALTO with **the BRAZILIAN MAGIC BAND** at the Greene Street Cafe.

While reservations are not always required at these cabarets, it's better to call and make sure that seating is available and that the listings have not changed.

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| Duplex | 255-5438 |
| 55 Grove Street | |
| s.n.a.f.u. | 691-3535 |
| 676 Sixth Avenue (at 21st St.) | |
| Greene Street Cafe | 925-2415 |
| 101 Greene Street | |
| Mickey's | 247-2979 |
| 44 West 44th Street | |
| Once Upon a Stove | 683-0044 |
| 325 Third Avenue | |
| Ted Hook's On Stage | 265-3800 |
| 318 West 45th Street | |

MUSIC

TUESDAY, APRIL 14

PARLIAMENT-FUNKADELIC's solid dance funk, led by the zany George Clinton who in the past has taken to wearing blind wigs and combat boots, should definitely energize the middle of your week at the Ritz. Tickets are \$10 and are available in advance at the Ritz box office, Ticketron, Bleeker Bob's record store on MacDougal Street, or at Sweet B at Fiorucci on East 59th Street.

GROVER KEMBLE and **ZA ZU ZAZ** at the Other End.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15

PARLIAMENT-FUNKADELIC continues at the Ritz.

FRIESEN and STOWELL and MARGRET TAYLOR at the Other End.

JOHNNY AVERAGE BAND (at 9) at the Savoy. Tickets are \$5.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16

THE FLESHTONES, New York's own blend of garage rock and roll, will be appearing at the cavernous Bond's International Casino in Times Square. Tickets are \$10.
FRIESEN and STOWELL and MARGRET TAYLOR continue at the Other End.
DELBERT MC CLINTON (at 9) at the Savoy. Tickets are \$10.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17

WILLIE DIXON at the Other End.
MINCK DEVILLE (at 9) at the Savoy. Tickets are \$10.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18

WILLIE DIXON continues at the Other End.
WILLIE NILE (at 9) at the Savoy. Tickets are \$10.

From Atlanta come **THE BRAINS**, whose first single "Money Changes Everything" was one of the best debuts of 1979. Now with two records under their belt they'll be appearing at Irving Plaza, one of the original and most comfortable dance clubs. Tickets are \$9 and are available in advance at Ticketron, Fiorucci, Bleeker Bob's, and Sounds record store on Saint Marks Place.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19

COUNT BASSIE and ORCHESTRA (at 9) at the Savoy. Tickets are \$12.50 and \$15.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22

RAY CHARLES at Bond's International Casino. Tickets available at Bond's or at Ticketron.

MITCH RYDER (at 9) at the Savoy. Tickets are \$10.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23

In the quickly changing New York club scene, the Ritz is attracting the big names but is also starting to let important local talent sit through as well. Tonight **SUICIDE** headlines. Don't let the name divert you. Suicide is New York's own brilliant, haunting, and influential two-man band featuring Martin Rev's minimal keyboards and Alan Vega's modern rockabilly scream. Supporting are **OUR DAUGHTER'S WEDDING** and **HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE**. **RAY CHARLES** continues at Bond's.
LEON REDBONE (at 9) at the Savoy. Tickets are \$10.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24

JOHN CALE makes his first visit in a while at the Ritz. It's nice to see someone as versatile and longlasting as Cale continuing in full flight. He's a member of the original Velvet Underground, produced the first works of Iggy Pop and Patti Smith, and has just released his eighth solo record, **HONKI SOIT**. Supporting, fittingly, is the **LENNY KAYE CONNECTION**-Lenny being Patti Smith's guitarist.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25

JOHN CALE continues at the Ritz.
GREG KIHN BAND (at 9) at the Savoy. Tickets are \$10.

-Michael Messina

The Ritz E. 11th St.
 between Third and Fourth avenues
 Bond's International Casino Broadway
 at W. 45th St.

The Other End 147 Bleeker St.
 Irving Plaza 141 W. 44th St.
 17 Irving Place at E. 15th St.

GALLERIES

NOW IN PROGRESS

APOCALYPTIC WOMEN AND OTHERS: Photography by Kevin Higgins. These models range from the beautiful to the bizarre. At the Don Stone Contemporary Arts, West 86th Street by appointment only. Through the 18th. Call 877-2433 for more information.

BETWEEN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE:

An exploration of the interface of painting and sculpture with works by 14 artists at the Pam Adler Gallery, 37 W. 57th Street. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 10 to 5:30, and by appointment. Through the 25th.

POLAROID: This exhibit is a collection of photos taken by Larry Plet with an SX/70 polaroid, rephotographed in black and white and enlarged, and finally hand-trimmed with scissors. Ladies and gentlemen, the 30th, 466 Broome Street. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 1 to 5.

MENU AT LARGE: A collection of works by Reeves Van Hettinga including his "Croissant," a 28 by 60 inch oil. At the 380 Art Gallery, 380 Bleeker St. For hours and more information call 255-6652.
CYNTHIA CARLSON: An installation reinterpreting the decorative motif of the Trevor mansion. This exhibit will be at the Hudson River Museum in Glenwood, located in Trevor Park, this show of new works by Shah Armani and Cynthia Carlson will be on display through July 5.

ANIMATION: Richard Protovin's animated films and drawings are on display at the Animators' Gallery, 484 Broome Street. Gallery hours are Wednesday through Saturday, 11 to 6, Sunday from 1 to 6, and Tuesdays by appointment. Through May 3rd.

BED PAINT: A retrospective performance of the works of Lil Picard at the Schmidt, Inc., 389 Broome Street. Call the Schmidt directly for hours at 966-1800. Through May 3rd.

THREE AT JUST ABOVE: Recent works by Chazka Ross and Mitch Schmidt, as well as Cynthia Kuebel's "UNDERCURRENTS," making a spectacle of herself, is presently on display at Just Above Midtown Inc., 178-80 Franklin Street. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday from 11 to 6. Through May 2.

ORGANIZATIONS

MONDAYS

GAY OVEREATERS ANONYMOUS meets every Monday at Gracie Square Hospital, 420 East 76th Street. Beginners meet at 7 and regular discussion groups follow at 7:30. This group provides a support system for the compulsive overeater.

TUESDAYS

WEST SIDE DISCUSSION GROUP meets every Tuesday at Greenwich House, 27 Barrow Street at the S.E. corner of Seventh Avenue South. Meetings begin at 8:30 and are followed by a social hour. Contribution requested is \$2. See the Events listing for specific programs.

LESBIAN EXERCISE GROUP meets every Tuesday at the Women's Center, 243 W. 20th Street, 7:30 p.m. All women are welcome.

INTEGRITY/NEW YORK meets every Tuesday at the Church of St. Luke in the Fields, Hudson and Grove streets. Because of the recent fire, services may be held in the gymnasium. Service at 7:30 followed by a social program at 8:30.

WEDNESDAYS

GAY AND YOUNG meets every Wednesday at the Church of the Good Shepherd, 240 East 31st Street between Second and Third avenues from 7 to 9. Rap sessions and a social hour provide peer support for gays under 21 in a warm and friendly atmosphere. Meetings are also held every Saturday. For counseling or more information, call 685-6272.

THURSDAYS

JAY MALE SM ACTIVISTS invites all gay men to their meetings every second Wednesday and fourth Thursday of the month, at 80 Fifth Avenue, room 1601. Donation requested is \$2.00. For meeting program see the Events listing.

FRIDAYS

GAY FATHERS meet the first Friday of each month at the home of one of its members at 7:30. For location or questions call Stu Gross at 245-2071.

SATURDAYS

FRONT RUNNERS OF NEW YORK meet every Saturday for a "fun run." See the Events listings for details.

DIGNITY/NY Gay and lesbian Roman Catholics meet every Saturday at the Catholic church at 30 West 16th Street. Discussion groups meet at 6:30 followed by Mass at 7:30 and a social hour afterwards. All are welcome. For more information, call 869-3050.

GAY AND YOUNG (See Wednesday)

SUNDAYS

PARENTS OF LESBIANS AND GAYS meets the fourth Sunday of each month at 3 p.m. at the Metropolitan-Duane Methodist Church, 201 West 13th Street at Seventh Avenue. Parents and their children, regardless of the child's age, discuss their problems and how other parents have dealt with the same crisis in their own families.

If your organization isn't listed and would like to be, or is having an event that you would like publicized, please write us at:

NATIVE GUIDE
 NEW YORK NATIVE
 250 WEST 57TH STREET
 SUITE 417
 NEW YORK, NY 10017

RADIO

WBAI (99.5 A.M.) presents gay programming every Wednesday from 8:30 p.m. to 10.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15

GAY MUSE: Gay art and artists. This week Michael Cleary interviews Terry Hebling, head of the Gay Theater Alliance and editor of the **GAY THEATER DIRECTORY**, as well as columnist for the **NEW YORK NATIVE**.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22

GAY RAP: Special monthly programming for and about the gay community. This week the topic is the third-world gay community.

EROTICA

THE ADONIS: Eighth Ave. and 50th St. (245-3920). New York's largest erotic moviehouse. Large and comfortable with a fine balcony. Shows first-run films, usually the ones released anywhere else. Presently showing Jack Wangerlin in **JOCKS** and Gordon Grant in **HOT TRUCKIN**.

BIG TOP 1604 Broadway at 49th St. (541-5655). 24-hour disco, snack bar. Usually shows top quality first-run films. Presently showing **THE CLASS OF '84**. New second feature every Wednesday.

DAVID: 236 West 54th St. at Broadway (765-4760). Two stories with an upstairs lounge. Open from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. Shows top quality films and revivals of the "classics."

EROS: Eighth Ave. between 45th and 46th streets (581-4594). New York's smallest theater (five seats wide) showing first-run films. Presently showing **THE RIVERMEN**.

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE: 154 West 55th St. (JU6-4590). Open from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. Presently showing an Arch Brown Film Festival.

GALEITY BURLESK: 201 West 46th St. at Broadway (221-8868/201-8806). Opens at 10 a.m. with a new show of third-run films every Monday. The attraction here is some of the finest strippers in New York. Six men strut their stuff at 1, 3:30, 6, 8:30, and 10:30 daily with a special "marathon" with twelve strippers every Friday and Saturday at 6, 8:30, and 11:15. After these shows there are free refreshments in the lounge.

THE JEWEL: Third Ave. between 12th and 13th streets (260-1090). New York's only Lower East Side all-male porn theater. Owned and operated by the same people as the **ADONIS** and usually showing the same films.

GUIDE

KINGS: 236 West 50th St. between Broadway and Eighth Ave. (974-9021). Shows S-M variety film as a rule. Shows change biweekly.

MALE WORLD: 251 West 42nd St. between Seventh and Eighth avenues. Open 24 hours with live shows at 3, 4:30, 6, 7:30, 9, and 10:30. Live shows Friday and Saturday at midnight. Features a "fantasy booth" with the man of your choice, free peep show booths, and continuous loops.

NIGHT-SHIFT: 777 Eighth Ave. at 47th St. (664-8104). Shows loops. Changes shows every Friday. Free coat check, glory holes, lounges, game room, bunk house, slings, mirror room, and continental breakfast Saturday and Sunday, 3 a.m. to 8 a.m. Open 24 hours with an unusual in-and-out policy allowing patrons to enter and leave as many times per day as they wish after paying admission.

RAMROD: 210 West 49th St. (245-9382). Plays third-run films with a live show at 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and midnight. Open all night Friday and Saturday with free buffet. Changes shows every Monday. Provides discount cards upon admission good for another half-price admission at any time.

SHOW PALACE: 670 Eighth Ave. between 42nd and 43rd streets (391-9412). Three theaters showing a total of six loops. Under "shows" at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, and 10:00. Friday and Saturday nights there is a ten-man revue at 7:30 and 10:00 with a special show (described as "extra special kink") at 11:30. Free buffet.

WESTWORLD: 355 West St. three blocks south of Christopher (929-8763). Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—free jock strips to all those checking their clothes. Free continental breakfast from 2 a.m. to 10 a.m. Presently showing **BIG MEN ON CAMPUS** in addition to four loops changing weekly.

TAVERNS

Obviously, this list can't include bars that we don't know about. If your bar is not listed, please drop us a line and let us know a little about it. My thanks to Neil Dick for the new additions. Also, if you find that a bar has changed since we reviewed it (and let's face it, we can't go to each bar every issue!), write us at:

NEW YORK NATIVE

250 West 57th Street
Suite 417
New York, N.Y. 10107

GREENWICH VILLAGE

ANVIL: Now a private club, membership is not that hard to come by with a friend. With both dancing and a drag show, its real attraction is the tour through the cat-cams beneath the dance floor. **AYOR:** Bring knee pads and a poncho. 500 West 14th Street at 11th Avenue.

BADLANDS: Some western and an ample S-M rack. Offers regular live entertainment with a country-and-western band every Sunday afternoon and Wednesday evening. 388 West Street on the corner of Christopher Street.

THE BAR: It used to be a neighborhood gay bar but now has clientele from every part of the city. Patrons include many East Village theater people and musicians, new waves, young and old alike, authors (including several well-known writers). A friendly atmosphere. Lesbians are also welcome. Fourth Street and Second Avenue.

BARBARY COAST: A real throwback to San Francisco's Castro Street, and not off the beaten path. 67 Seventh Avenue at 14th Street.

BOOTS AND SADDLES: Strong western ambience. Many of the clientele are into leather or other forms of distinctive regalia. 76 Christopher St. near Seventh Ave. South.

CRISCO DISCO: An after-hours (and before-hours) disco that has risen over a block long to get in as the sun rises over the city. If you don't mind being frisked (I found it a thrill), the wait is well worth it. A set of dance floors on two levels, a DJ sitting atop a giant can of Crisco, pinball arcade, coat check, and the youngest bartenders in the city. Drinks and cover are both reasonable and it's big enough to handle the huge crowd that frequents it. At 15th Street and Ninth Avenue.

DUCHESS: A ladies only bar that proves they can be just as raunchy as the men. Nothing but raves from the women asked. Dico, reasonable prices, and loads of fun. 70 Grove Street.

DUPLEX: One of the few classy cabarets left in town, expensive and expensive. Disco, reasonable rates, and a young crowd. Excellent shows on most occasions. 55 Grove Street.

EAGLE'S NEST: Packed almost every night with a young crowd. Very popular at the moment and serving the best burger for the money in town at all hours. 21st Street at 11th Avenue.

CROSS WORLD (formerly THE INTERNATIONAL STUDY): Another private club in the style of the ANVIL, but with less danger, enough light to see what's happening, films, and a wide variety of possibilities. 733 Greenwich at Perry.

JULIUS: This is the West Village bar where the bartenders hang out when they're out for an evening. Very friendly crowd. On Waverly and West Tenth.

KELLER'S: Some western, some S-M, provides everything. Best on Sundays. 384 West Street.

THE LOADING ZONE: While it doesn't yet have a large following (it opened February 20), this "back room" bar has unlimited possibilities on the word "space." Rooms designed to provide a high level of intimacy while providing complete anonymity. It is a private club but membership is readily available. At 78 Christopher Street, just off Seventh.

MARIE'S CRISIS: Another spot where the bartenders hang out after they get off a heavy shift. A piano player goes through every song ever written as the group sings along. Done in art deco and slightly on the uncomfortable side. 59 Grove Street off Seventh.

MINESHAFT: It's hard to describe a floor of bathtubs and what goes on in, around, and above them, but not a place for the weak at heart or for those who like to stay dry. 835 Washington Street.

NINTH CIRCLE: This bar has a lot going for it. A patio provides a cool place in the summer with candlelit tables and waiter service (Aunt Grace and Sister Jim). During the day it's a neighborhood bar attracting writers, Broadway treasures, businessmen, poets, all served by Jimmy, the best bartender in town. An additional bar downstairs opens at night; pinball, pool table. Really begins to fill up at 11, and none of the urgency that occurs during the night, and only barely at last call. 139 West Tenth, between Greenwich and Waverly.

PETER RABBIT: A bar/disco that spills out onto the streets on nice evenings. One of the better spots on the West Side after a walk along the promenade. 305 West Tenth, just off Christopher.

THE RAMROD: Light to medium S-M with a decent, respectable leather crowd. Hag crowd on the weekends. "Really moves." No one under 21 permitted. West Street off West Tenth.

THE SAINT: The clone look is in! Thousands of men, six up off, sliding on their sweat as it drips to the floor. Wonderful backroom. 105 Second Avenue (off Sixth Street).

TRILOGY: Serves very good food in addition to well-made drinks. An attractive place as well as attractive clientele and bartenders. 135 Christopher near Hudson.

TY'S: The most popular bar along Christopher Street, and understandably so. The easiest bar to "fit into" regardless of your "drag." Western, leather, jock all fit right in. 114 Christopher near Bedford.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S DOWNTOWN: (Formerly CHEZ STADIUM) Spacious, commodious bar with huge television lounges, pleasant, showing closed circuit and recorded concerts, comedy, and entertainment. The general crowd is young and sophisticated. Perfect for an after-work drink. Dinner served too. 54-58 Greenwich Ave. off 11th St.

UNCLE PAUL'S: This bar changes more often in its policies than it changes its bulletin board (one of the most comprehensive chronicles of gay history not having been changed in five years). Paul has just changed the atmosphere again with a big sign in front declaring the establishment off-limits to anyone under age. At Eighth Christopher, right off Gay Street.

MIDTOWN

BETTER DAYS: Located on West 49th Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, 316 West 49th Street. Young crowd.

DAKOTA: A western bar that has been catching on in the past few months because of live country and rockabilly music on the weekends. A throwback to land improvement on the plaza bar concept. On Second Avenue and 36th Street.

ICE PALACE: Lights, mirrors, sound, waters, n'ron, all above-average. A young crowd, sometimes mixed, is as much fun to watch as they are to join. Dress is fairly classy. Don't show up too early. 57 West 57th Street.

STIX: Young crowd, mostly interesting. A good disco, especially if you like mirrors. 304 East 39th Street.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH: Shoe horns are available to force yourself in after 10 p.m. If you can make your way to the back, there's a cruise room with a pool table. Eyes meet across the eight ball and try to connect in any of the other rooms. A discards nightly. Tuesdays are two-for-one. Third Avenue at 75th Street.

UPPER EAST SIDE

CHAPS: The Uptown East Side cruise bar! A perfect example of what can happen when a bar tries to provide quality for its patrons. 1558 Third Avenue at 87th Street.

HURRAH: A mixed disco with an atmosphere that changes almost nightly. 36 West 62nd Street.

HARPER'S BACK EAST: A spot to go with a friend, lover, or to make a friend or lover. The front section is a comfortable bar with honest lighting and private standing booths. The back features an adequate disco with fairly good lighting for a place that small, good sound with excellent disc jockeys and a very friendly atmosphere. Early evening finds Broadway dancers warming up. Third Avenue at 80th Street. Saturdays there is a cover that includes your first drink.

UPPER WEST SIDE

BOOT HILL: An uptown TY'S, located at 317 Amsterdam Avenue at 95th Street.

CAHOOTS: A beautifully designed bar in front of a restaurant that serves some of the finest meals available for the money in New York. Two-for-one nights, door prizes come evenings, a warm and friendly crowd. The perfect place after touring the Museum of Natural History or before going to LaSalle. 428 Columbus Avenue.

CANDLE II: This is a new establishment on the site of the old HALF-BRED. It's got a ground floor bar and a full-sized downstairs "back room" and is open 4 p.m. to 8 a.m. every day except Monday. 168 Amsterdam Avenue at 68th Street.

THE NICKEL BAR: 127 West 72nd Street between Columbus and Amsterdam. Young crowd.

96 WEST: Lots of dancing in this large, "really nice" spot. Good bartenders. 96th between Columbus and Amsterdam.

WAREHOUSE PIER 51: Located at 324 Amsterdam Avenue at 75th Street.

WILDWOOD: Currently very popular. Columbus Avenue between 74th and 75th streets.

BROOKLYN

DANNY'S of Brooklyn Heights: One of the better hot spots in the borough. A decent disco with dancing and an excellent Sunday brunch. 108 Montague Street.

RHYTHMS Being the only gay bar at that end of the borough, catering to Borough Park, Bay Ridge, and Bensonhurst, the crowd is diverse and both gay and lesbian (though there are special "Ladies' Nights"). Live bands on occasion of above-average quality, film nights, special features, a packed dance floor with an excellent sound system, and a location that makes it very convenient by train, bus, and car (however, there have been a few recent reports of tire slashings). 6826 New Utrecht Avenue off 68th Street.

SAL'S PLACE: A young crowd frequents this Brooklyn Heights bar and disco. Fair sound but fine dancing. 79 Pineapple Street, right off the promenade.

QUEENS

ARK LANE: After-hours catering to the late-night homecomer looking for a social spot before heading home. Ladies from 8 p.m. to 2:30 a.m., men from 7 a.m. on. Located in Richmond Hill, 130-02 Atlantic Avenue.

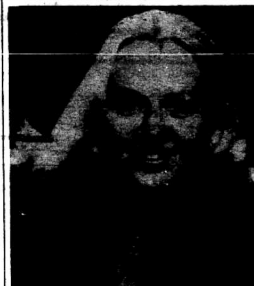
BETSY ROSS: Jackson Heights and Rego Park are two of the gayest areas in Queens and support more than their fair share of bars. Unfortunately, many of them are below par and this is one of them. Dancing is allowed and meeting people may be easy if the night is right. Noted for its closeness to vaseline alley, 73-13 37th Avenue.

BILLY THE KID: This is the new kid in the neighborhood showing excellent progress in making a name for itself. Just a few steps from the IRT 7, E. F. GG, and N lines.

TAVERN ON THE TURN: This has got to be the friendliest bar in the borough, if not the city. Semi-private (you must go around to the side, ring the bell, and be identified to be admitted). During the day the bar is straight but come nine at night and you'll know otherwise. Very convenient to train (E and F to 169th Street).

DON'T MISS...

BARBARA COOK: New York's favorite songbird, will, after all these years of living and working on the West Side (all those Broadway houses, Carnegie Hall, not to mention Brothers & Sisters or Reno Sweeney) makes her East Side debut at the Cafe Carlyle on Thursday, April 16.



Barbara, who is replacing Bobby Short while he entertains out of town, will also perform on Wednesday, April 22, Friday, April 24, and Saturday, May 2. Miss Cook, with Wally Harper on piano and John Beal on bass, will sing twice nightly at 10 p.m. and midnight, going solo off Cole Porter, Billy Joel, and Melissa Manchester as well as others. She will also be doing her new show stopper, "It's Better with a Band."

One thing's for sure...it's always better with Barbara Cook!

The Cafe Carlyle is located at Madison Avenue and 74th Street. Reservation may be made by calling 744-1600.



Redback, violent futuristic drama at AMDA. Photo by Jack Neuback

Ned Eilenberg, Richard Hayes, and Bradford Bancroft are the disaffected youth whose amoral and alienated behavior provides a flash of future shock in **REDBACK**, Dennis Spedler's searing futuristic street drama.

Performances are Fridays through Mondays, April 17-20, Thursdays through Mondays, April 23 through May 4 each evening at 8 p.m. at the AMDA Studio, 73rd Street and Broadway.

Tickets are \$5 each and reservations may be made by calling 595-8656.

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- Sexual Dysfunction
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Sunday, June 28 is the
San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Parade

The Church Divided

Continued from page 16

To better understand how and why homosexuals have this special place in the human community, one must examine some critical differences between Old and New Testaments. It is important to remember that the new people of God are no longer bound by blood relationship; membership in the New Testament community is no longer a question of human descent. Consequently, marriage no longer occupies the central place it had in Israel. As T.C. Deleuiff stated in *The Bible on Sexuality*, "In the New Covenant it is given to anyone to be fertile in the new people of God through a love which surpasses even marital love in value and therefore in fertility." This new understanding of love lies at the origin of other vocational choices besides marriage, such as a life of sexual abstinence, and other forms of human community.

Another important difference between the Old and New Testaments concerning human sexuality has to do with the belief in personal immortality. In the Old Testament, there was little stress on the afterlife. The New Testament emphasis on resurrection, however, carried with it the belief in personal immortality and, consequently, freed the individual from the necessity of marrying and bearing children. This change of emphasis is of particular interest vis-à-vis the homosexual, since, as many psychologists point out, one of the most profound roots of homophobia is the connection, unconscious for the most part, between homosexuality, barrenness, and death.

We hear much about the New Testament condemnations of homosexuality (based on the Sodom and Gomorrah story or on erroneous translations and interpretations of them). Are there any explicitly positive references to sexual variance in the New Testament? Is there anything that specifically legitimizes the special role of homosexuals in the New Testament community?

Nowhere is the new attitude concerning human sexuality more evident than in the account of the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch in the Acts of the Apostles (8:26-39). Here, the Lucan author stresses that people who were considered outcasts by Israel for various reasons were to be included in the new

One of the founding Fathers of the New York chapter of Dignity, Father John McNeill's growing responsibilities in other areas have forced him to decrease his involvement with Dignity. However, Dignity is flourishing with 110 chapters nationwide, eight in the New York area alone.

Dignity now has a national office and a national lobby with the Office of the American Bishops. The national officers also work as part of the Gay Rights National Lobby.

Dignity New York meets every Saturday at the Catholic church at 30 West 16th Street. Discussion groups meet at 6:30 followed by Mass at 7:30 and a social hour immediately afterwards. All gays and lesbians are welcome. For information regarding Dignity, call: 869-3050.



"I would have emphasized the historical trend to specifically scapegoat homosexuals—in order to win the war, stop the plague, end the natural disaster."

community. The first group is the Samaritans. The second group, symbolized by the eunuch, are those who for sexual reasons were excluded from the Old Testament community. In Isaiah 56:2-8 the prophecy is explicit: "For thus says the Lord: 'To the eunuchs who keep my sabbath, who choose the things that please me, and hold fast my covenant, I will give in my name better than sons and daughters. . . . For my house shall be a house at prayer for all peoples.' Thus says the Lord God, who will gather the outcasts of Israel."

The word eunuch, it must be noted, did not have the circumscribed meaning that it has today. In Matthew 19:12 Jesus, discussing marriage and divorce, says to his apostles: "There are eunuchs who have been so from birth, and there are eunuchs who have been made so by men, and there are eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the sake of the Kingdom of heaven." The first category—those eunuchs who have been so from birth—is the closest description we have in the Bible of what we understand today to be a homosexual. It should come as no surprise, then, that the first group of outcasts of Israel that the Holy Spirit includes within the new covenant community is symbolized by the Ethiopian eunuch. The Holy Spirit takes the initiative in leading the new Christian community to include among its members those who were excluded for sexual reasons from the Old Testament community.

In his review of Ronald Bayer's new

book, *Homosexuality and American Psychiatry*, for *The New Republic* (3/21/81), historian Paul Robinson states his belief that the "intellectual and moral forces predating the rise of psychiatry, above all Christianity, have exercised immeasurably greater influence on the circumstances of homosexuals." I assume you would agree that religious indoctrination accounts for a great deal of anti-homosexual prejudice.

I would agree. But there's a paradox here. I believe that the greatest ally of gay people in their quest for acceptance is the Church. This is because the historical role of the Church has been to take the side of the oppressed. On this issue of homosexuality, for example, the Catholic Bishops have individually and collectively made statement after statement in support of civil rights for gay people.

There has been a lot of appropriate and justifiable gay anger towards the Church. Through Dignity, the Catholic gay community has been able to channel its anger to bring about constructive change. The prophets, of course, were all angry men. They were angry about injustice. Anger was a loving motivation for them as it is for the gay community. But it's important that these energies not be destructive. The "Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence," for example, tend to trivialize—if not ignore—the positive, selfless face of Christian service. How indulgent were the assassinated nuns in El Salvador, or Archbishop Romero?

Some of John Boswell's most important findings were first credited to him and published by you in *The Church and the Homosexual*. Clearly, you enthusiastically respect his work. Are there any major statements or conclusions in *Christianity, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality* with which you would take issue?

I read it through immediately and now must give it more careful study. But I had a loose, puzzled sense that somehow John had missed the basic root of Christian homophobia. He's inclined to attribute it largely to the intellectual work of Saint Thomas Aquinas at the University of Paris. I believe that of far greater significance was the general, traditional use of the homosexual as scapegoat.

But at the broader level, isn't Boswell saying precisely this? I think he not only gives credibility to your thinking, he extends it further. In what struck me as one of the most impressive syntheses I've ever read in a cultural-political work, Boswell concludes that not only have homosexuals historically been culturally scapegoated, they have been so in tandem with other minorities—the Jews, the gypsies, heretics, etc. When one minority was scapegoated, the others followed. As Boswell documents it, this pattern became unmistakable by the 12th century. Although it is not explicit, I get the sense that he believed that this tandem pattern has probably recurred right up through the Nazi exterminations to the present day.

Yes, but I would have emphasized the historical trend to specifically scapegoat homosexuals—in order to win the war, stop the plague, end the natural disaster. In order for things to get better, you have to get rid of the homosexuals. This is stated very clearly and repeatedly in Justinian's codification of Roman law. Paraphrasing: God destroys cities because of the homosexuals. We learned that from Sodom and Gomorrah. I feel that Boswell tended to minimize the importance of the Justinian laws. They established the legal-psychological tradition of homophobia that has continued right through to Blackstone, who says that homosexuality should be a criminal offense to protect the state against God's vengeance. This thinking is repeated throughout American law. In fact, a court in Virginia recently upheld this example. Again, my point here is that this tradition was strong and quite independent of the theoretical-intellectual thinking of Saint Thomas Aquinas.

It's true, of course, that Jews have been similarly scapegoated. That's why I find it incredible that the Jewish community does not fully support the gay struggle.

As a Jew, I have been even more perplexed and, of course, deeply saddened by the phenomenon of Jewish homophobia—or "homosexophobia," as John Boswell prefers to call it. Like Christian homophobia, it can't all be attributed to the Old Testament.

I don't feel that the religious teachings of the Old Testament explain the Jewish prejudice towards homosexuals. To my knowledge, most Old Testament scholars are fully aware that there is no universal condemnation of homosex-

Continued on page 32

DEEP DISH

A serial by George Whitmore

Episode Ten:

Emotional Blackmail

OUR STORY SO FAR: As Marcella's lover Dido put it: What do you think happens when a dyke and a faggot have an affair? One of them gets pregnant—and it wasn't Henry Cooper, who in any case, is dead now.

The sound I heard over the phone when I called from Marcella's and Dido's (Stanley later explained) was Richie Druckman's breathing...

"Stanley?"

"Uh—oh, God—yes?"

"Am I disturbing you?"

"Oh, oh, yes! I mean, no, Bink. I was just talking to Richie. Just a minute, Rich."

"Because I can call back..."

"What's up, Bink? You sound positively hysterical."

"Are you sure I'm not disturbing you? You *did* answer the phone."

"Oh, God, don't do that!"

"Stanley?"

"Not at all, Bink. I had a feeling it was you, I don't know why. Bink, you sound very odd. Where are you?"

"At Marcella's."

"Where!" Stanley shrieked.

"You remember Marcella and Dido..."

"Pull out, Richie. Of course, I do! But, Bink! What are you doing *there*? Oh, come on, Richie, pull out, will you? Go pour yourself a glass of milk or something. Thanks. Oh... God. What are you doing there, Bink!"

"Stanley, we have to talk to you."

The clearest indication of Stanley's haste was not his huffing and puffing when he'd reached the sixth floor landing outside of Marcella's and Dido's modest apartment—it was the fact that he was wearing a Harris tweed sportjacket over a baseball shirt with a cartoon decal of a roadrunner on it.

The women and I were now on our second pot of tea, but Stanley brusquely waved aside the offer of refreshments and got right down to cases.

"Fascinating!" he kept saying as Marcella's story unwound (for the third time that day) to its sticky conclusion.

"So what we want from you, Stanley," I said with as much delicacy as I could muster, "since you're ever so good at this kind of thing—I was just telling Marcella and Dido what a whiz you are at these things, really, over and above *anyone* I know—is that you speak to—uh, speak to Henry Schneiderman about this, you see, and..."

"Me?" Stanley's eyebrows rose, possibly higher than they had when he'd seen Marcella's condition upon entering, at which point he'd obviously had a struggle suppressing a low whistle. "Why me?"

"Well, Stanley, you are the *most* tactful, really the *most* diplomatic of all of us and..."

"But why don't you simply talk to Henry Schneiderman about it, Bink?"

I shot Stanley a look that would have melted a Mercedes at 50 paces.

"That's what I asked him," Dido growled.

"Look, if you don't want to get involved..." Marcella began.

"You know very well why I can't talk to Henry," I hissed at Stanley. Then, grabbing him by the coatsleeve and excusing us for

a moment, I dragged Stanley into the bathroom.

"Stanley, you have to do this for me."

"I should ask Henry Schneiderman to fork over half of Henry Cooper's estate to a stranger?"

"Lower your voice."

"Well, really! What business is this of mine? The story was *choice*, Binky. Thanks so much. I wouldn't have missed it for the world—and to hear it from Marcella's own lips, it was marvelous. But me?"

I pushed Stanley down onto the toilet seat and held him fast by the shoulders.

"Ow!" Stanley squirmed.

"Listen, Stanley. You owe me one."

"I owe you nothing." He twitched his lapels and sneered. "You withheld the whole story from me to begin with, Bink, and I don't mind telling you, that hurts."

"Withheld? I just heard it from Marcella this afternoon!"

"I'm missing *Magnum P.I.*," he pouted. "I'm missing Tom Selick."

"Stanley, you owe me."

"For what?" He raised himself to his full height—or as far as the indignity of his position on the toilet seat would allow. "For what do I, as you put it, owe you?"

"For Ethan."

"Ethan? What does Ethan have to do with this? Has Ethan been impregnating friends lately? What does Ethan have to do with Henry Cooper's grotesque indiscretions?"

I crossed my arms and leaned back against the sink. "Stanley, there are many things one does for one's friends, unbidden and unrewarded. I happen to have done you a favor recently—no, don't thank me," I said, holding up my hand. (Stanley only gaped at me.) "Vis a vis Ethan."

"Viza what?"

"I don't suppose you noticed Ethan's—er, interest in you last fall."

"In-ter-est?" Stanley looked at me suspiciously.

"Oh, come on, Stan. He was all over you. He was your shadow."

"Not to the extent," Stanley said, crossing his legs and knitting his fingers together, "that Henry Schneiderman was with you."

"Why do you suppose Ethan suddenly *lost* his unwonted interest in you, Stanley?"

Feigning insouciance, Stanley bit the nail of his index finger.

"Because, Stanley, yours truly created a, shall we say, diversionary action."

"You know, Bink, I have not missed Tom Selick on TV since the series started..."

"Of course, Ethan was heartbroken at your treatment of him—really, Stanley, pretending that you mistook his offer of a blow job at the Saint for 'a snow job' and saying you didn't do cocaine any longer."

"The music was loud!"

"Really. Well, anyway, I took care of it for you because I am your friend."

Stanley had to ask, in spite of himself, I could see. He began to buff his fingernails on his shirt. I waited.

"You're wondering how?" I finally asked.

"One of them, Bink, is going to have to use this room in the next twenty-four hours, you know," Stanley stopped buffing. He sighed. "All right, I *know* I'm going to regret this, but how?"

"By introducing him to someone else."

"Really. Who?" The card-file started whirring in Stanley's brain, but I knew he'd never guess, had never seen them together, wouldn't dream of pairing the two. "Well?"

"First, Stanley, I'd like you to promise me to talk to Henry Schneiderman."

Stanley's hands, never very still, dropped to his lap. He sighed again. I could see he was going through a brief but intense inner battle—but I knew as well that his most vulnerable point—his insatiable curiosity—would win out.

"Oh, all right. I'll talk to Henry."

"Good!"

"But I can't promise anything. After all, he was about to leave Henry Cooper on the very eve of his death, Bink. Why should he pay for the delivery of Henry's baby?"

"Because Marcella's broke!"

"Oh, come on, Bink. Let's set aside these dreary delusions of

male privilege for a moment. Why should Henry Schneiderman put the kid through school and buy it braces? After what the two of them put him through—to say nothing of poor Dido. And why me? Really, Bink, I'm flattered, but . . .

"Because I can't talk to him!"

"All right. I'll call him up—but after the weekend. Richie and I are driving up to Killington, to ski."

"You can't ski, Stanley."

"I know, but I just got the most really rugged sweater half off at Steve SoHo."

"But you will talk to Henry, Stanley?"

"Didn't I say I would," he snapped.

"Great!"

I flung open the bathroom door.

"He'll do it!" I announced to the two women, who in the interim had made popcorn and had settled down to a rerun of *Masterpiece Theater*. "He'll talk to Henry for us!"

Stanley was at my side. "But who?" he whispered, restraining me from stepping into the living room.

"Who what?"

"Whom did you introduce Ethan to?"

"Oh," I said casually and like *The Bad Seed*. "Richie. Richie Druckman."

(To Be Continued)

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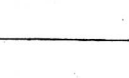
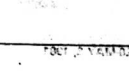
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THE LIST GOES ON... by Gregory Lawrence Stuart

| | | | | | |
|--|--|---|--|---|--|
|  | STRAIGHT GUYS WHO HANG OUT WITH OTHER GUYS AND DON'T THINK ABOUT WHETHER THEY'RE GAY OR NOT. |  | STRAIGHT GUYS WHO LIKE SEX AT LUNCH TIME. |  | STRAIGHT GUYS WHO ARE HAPPY BUT NOT GAY AND LIKE TO READ ABOUT GUYS WHO WRITE BOOKS ABOUT SEX. |
|  | GAY GUYS WHO HANG OUT WITH OTHER GUYS AND DON'T THINK ABOUT WHETHER THEY'RE STRAIGHT OR NOT. |  | GAY GUYS WHO LIKE SEX IN BETWEEN MEALS. |  | STRAIGHT GUYS WHO ARE HAPPY BECAUSE THEY LIKE TO HANG OUT WITH BISEXUAL GUYS WHO PRETEND TO BE SEXUALLY ACQUAINTED WITH FAMOUS PEOPLE. |
|  | STRAIGHT GUYS WHO DO SEX WITH EACH OTHER BUT DON'T CALL IT GAY. |  | STRAIGHT GUYS WITH A MACHO IMAGE OF THEMSELVES WHO LIKE SEX ONCE A DAY. |  | STRAIGHT GUYS WHO DON'T THINK ABOUT BEING STRAIGHT BUT LIKE TO DO SEX WHILE PRETENDING TO BE FAMOUS. |
|  | GAY GUYS WHO DO SEX WITH EACH OTHER BUT ACT STRAIGHT MOST OF THE TIME. |  | GAY GUYS WITH A MACHO IMAGE OF THEMSELVES WHO LIKE SEX IN BOXER SHORTS. |  | GAY GUYS WHO DON'T THINK ABOUT BEING GAY BUT LIKE TO PRETEND THEY DO. |
|  | GUYS WHO DO A LOT OF SEX WITH EVERYBODY BUT DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT. |  | BISEXUAL GUYS WHO LIKE SEX WHILE READING ABOUT SEX EXCEPT ON THURSDAY AT 2:00. |  | GUYS WHO LIKE SEX AND THINK THAT A LOT OF OTHER GUYS ARE FUNNY AND ARE GLAD THAT THEY ARE. |
|  | MAHO SEXUAL GUYS WHO JUST DO SEX WITH THEMSELVES. |  | BISEXUAL GUYS WHO PRETEND TO BE STRAIGHT WITH GAY GUYS AND PRETEND TO BE GAY WITH STRAIGHT GUYS. |  | GUYS THAT DO SEX WITH THEIR BEST FRIEND JUST TO SEE IF THE EQUIPMENT WORKS THE SAME WAY THEIRS DOES. |
|  | MULTI-SEXUAL GUYS WHO TALK A LOT OF SEX BUT ONLY DO SEX IF THEY HAVE TO. |  | GUYS WHO DON'T PRETEND TO BE ANYTHING AND DON'T DO SEX AT ALL. |  | GUYS WHO LIKE TO DO SEX AND TELL EVERYONE THE DETAILS ABOUT IT. |
| | | | GUYS WHO LIKE TO WATCH PEOPLE DO SEX AND WRITE BOOKS ABOUT IT. | | |

HA 1983

BOOKS

Women in Love

Surpassing the Love of Men
by Lillian Faderman
Morrow Quill
496 pages, \$10.95

by Felice Picano

Unless you've been hiding under a rock for the past few years you're probably aware that the unity proclaimed by lesbians and gay men at the beginning of the post-Stonewall era is pretty much disintegrated. Differences now seem irreconcilable. Women claim that gay men are as oppressive as straight men—more interested in power, wealth, position, and themselves than in helping lesbians. The men are unhappy about lesbians' anti-pornography activity, which they view as moralistic and pejorative, a betrayal to the side of the anti-gay forces. In cities with the largest gay communities, lesbians and gay men seldom mix politically, socially, or culturally.

This is a sad situation, especially since the palmy days of the early '70s showed us that lesbian-feminists and gay men can form one of the strongest and most energetic political blocs around. But it is obviously a situation with deep historical roots requiring investigation. Up until now, the reader interested in understanding how and why lesbians are different from gay men in their needs and goals would have had to read dozens of books—many of them poorly written or extremely limited in their subject or so polemical as to dissuade the general reader. Not any longer.

Lillian Faderman's *Surpassing the Love of Men* is the best book I've come across on the history of lesbian-feminism, tying together many previously discovered and discussed historical strands, exploring new ground in earlier Western history, and nicely synthesizing it all with generous excerpts from letters, diaries, journals, tracts, novels, and poetry. It is an important book, possibly equal in importance to Boswell's pathbreaking study, if not as original. And it is required reading for anyone—gay or straight, male or female—who is truly interested in knowing why the movement has reached its current impasse. A guaranteed consciousness-raising in store for most readers.

Faderman's subtitle gives the gist of her thesis: "Romantic Friendship and Love Between Women from the Renaissance to the Present." It is friendship and love—rather than sex and love—which determined how the lesbian-feminist movement grew and became so strongly unified that, in effect, any serious feminist can today say that she is lesbian—i.e., completely woman-identified.

Faderman begins with the Renaissance with what she calls a "phallic-centric" universe. Women were openly second-class people then, and no one really doubted that this was not the way in which the human species was created and meant to be. From around 1500 to the end of the 19th century, women were expected to be wives, mothers, mistresses—nothing more. Men made the laws, the culture, the world; women lived within that construction.

Because of the completely dominant male attitude, it was not believed that women had sex together. Without a penis, sex simply could not exist. Early harsh laws against male homosexuals did exist—men could understand the plugs and sockets involved. But

Transvestism grew out of the desire of singular women to lead interesting, independent lives not ordinarily possible for them. Annals of the time are filled with tales of women who donned men's clothing, opened up taverns, stores, became farmers, even went off to war as soldiers. Many of them took young wives and became respected members of their communities in disguise. Fielding relates the story of "The Female Husband, or the Surprising History of Mrs. Mary. Alias George Hamilton, Convicted for Marrying a Young Woman of Wells" (1746). Mary Hamilton was sentenced to six months in prison for her offense. But other women got off far easier, especially if they were patriots. What bothered the dominant male was that women were usurping his privileges by impersonating men. However, women's sentences were usually light because every 18th-century male understood that men were far better than women; he could sympathize with a wilful

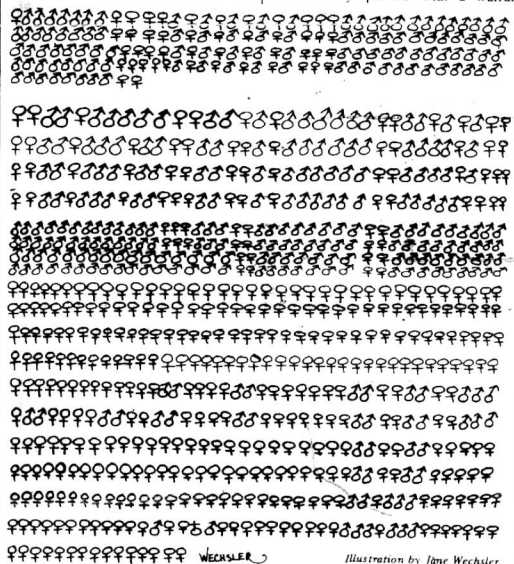
The Ladies of Llangollen, two Irish ladies who eloped to Wales and lived happily and usefully ever after, provided only the first of these success stories, admired by both genders. Young women were encouraged to emulate them, to open their affectional natures for the rigors of marriage and adult hood.

The 19th century is filled with romantic friendships. Famous women had them: Mary Wollstonecraft (Mary Shelley's mother), writers Marie Corelli, Edith Somerville, and Mme. de Staël, actress Charlotte Cushman, and artist Rosa Bonheur all had open public relationships of this nature. Dominant, career-oriented women, they required and got wives. Again, men seemed to understand this mode—known as the Boston marriage, and epitomized in Henry James' 1885 novel, *The Bostonians*, where the breakup of such a marriage by a male leads to unhappiness all around.

The counter current began in this century, too. Male writers such as Balzac, de Musset, and Baudelaire, intent on shocking their bourgeois readers, found that presenting active, sensual, violent lesbian relationships provided terrific sensationalism, and the image of the evil, vampiric lesbian grew in *The Girl with the Golden Eyes*, *Allie, de Manpin*, and *Le Fanu's Carmilla*. Despite these portrayals, romantic friendships among women flourished in all classes of society in Europe and America well into the early part of this century. Had it continued, we wouldn't have any such thing as the current lesbian-feminist movement. Although there did exist tragedies and unhappiness among some women, in general the system was a workable one. Strong women arose to take the lead in salons, the arts, even medicine and law. Not in number to equal or even alarm men, of course, but sufficient for a conscious, strong, individual woman to find a stable, relatively free place in her world.

Enter the villains: Kraft-Ebbing, Havelock Ellis, Sigmund Freud, the sexologists of the turn of the century. The good and bad these men accomplished may take an aeon to sort out. Faderman's convincing theory is that their ideas formed the great betrayal of romantic friendship: one that has caused a half century of oppression and revolution that is still not over.

These men said that everyone was sexual, women as well as men. And somehow, in a short time, they managed to persuade large numbers of the intelligentsia that this was true. Playing on everyday human anxieties, Freud let us know we were all sick if not psychotic then at least neurotic, straight or gay, male or female—from birth. A Freudian utopian world is one in which everyone is being analyzed constantly, from infancy to the death rattle. Kraft-Ebbing and Ellis (and later Magnus Hirschfeld) believed that, like heterosexual, all homosexuality was congenital. This theory had its drawbacks: lesbians and gay men were "inverse" or "perverse," certainly not as good as anyone else. And it led to the adoption of role playing—bitch and femme, swishes and transsexuals. But it gave rise to the earliest homosexual rights movement too, as "inverts" could claim it wasn't their fault, that they were born that way, and that they ought to have all the rights of others. These two opposing concepts continue to dominate almost all current thought and attitudes about homosexuality. With often odd



WECHSLER

Illustration by Jane Wechsler

female homosexuals were not taken at all seriously.

By the 18th century, this attitude had shifted a bit. Lesbianism was now admitted to exist—but usually as titillation, before the serious business of male/female sex could occur. Curiously, also at this time, the dildo first made an appearance, and lesbians who used this penis-substitute could be as severely punished as their male counterparts. For obvious reasons: it took on the male's prerogative—the ability to penetrate a woman.

The 18th century also saw the growth of two other related changes: transvestism and increased homosociality. The latter refers to the almost complete separation of the sexes and their socializing only with their own sex. We see this quite clearly in the novels of Jane Austen among others. Men and women were assumed to have so little to say to each other that should a couple be seen together unchaperoned it meant they were as good as married. After marriage, most men and women once again socialized exclusively with their own gender.

and high-spirited girl who would want to rise above her gender.

In this same century the rise of literacy and the literary vogue for sentiment brought to a head what had been brewing quietly for centuries—romantic friendships among women. With men distant until marriage and incomprehensible after marriage, women needed someone to turn to in order to share their newly legitimized thoughts and feelings. Romantic friendships provided the answer. These were tolerated, even supported by the dominant male establishment for a variety of reasons. First, men had them too (think of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* written about Arthur Hallam). Second, it was better than adultery or heterosexual promiscuity—no danger of venereal disease or of bastard children (an obsession of the European man of this era). Third, it kept the women emotionally active, sensually primed, and thus responsive to the male's own sexual needs.

Most romantic friendships occurred among married women. But others were among women who never married. These became examples to all women.

effects; the leaders of the Moral Majority, Inc., for example, are Freudians, believing that it is a choice (sinful, natch!) to be gay. So, gayness continues to make strange bedfellows, among enemies as well as among friends.

The devastating effect of the sexologists is clearly and tragically shown by Faderman in the most rage-provoking of her sections. The heart breaks as we read of one woman after another involved for years in successful lesbian relationships, who suddenly internalize the "medical" opinions, and write and speak out against the very lives they have led. Faderman compares documents on the subject, from before and after, by the hand of the same woman writer, showing how the process worked and how complete and oppressive it was.

She also shows how lesbians were, in effect, sacrificed so that all women could (slowly) rise—i.e. get the vote, be accepted in the professions, become financially independent. Until the mid-'70s, the core of the feminist movement—lesbians—was suppressed, used as a threat, while goodies were thrown to the rest of the female population.

Thus, lesbians were feminists from the beginning. Being equal to men was their main focus—their goal. Their first alliance with gay males was in the '20s in Hirschfeld's Institute in Berlin. But with the rise of fascism, that ended quickly.

ly. Meanwhile, in other European and American cities, lesbians mixed with gay and straight men socially and culturally: Stein's and the De Noailles salons in Paris, for example. Only at Stonewall did the alliance reform seriously again—and appear to be a natural one.

Faderman does not go this far, either theoretically or chronologically. Her last chapters are about the 20th century literary founders of lesbianism: Natalie Barney and her circle, Gertrude Stein, Radclyffe Hall, Amy Lowell. Along the way, we have been treated to mini-biography, literary criticism and assessment, anecdotes of history and law. Her writing is swift, vivid, and never intrusive. The book began as a literary study—of the letters of Emily Dickinson to Susan Gilbert—and sometimes betrays this origin. Her didacticism only shows in the repetition of ideas—the hammering home of an idea long after I had gotten it.

It is important that this history be known to all of us. With *Surpassing the Love of Men* available, there no longer is any excuse for any of us to claim ignorance. I don't know if it will help to bring about the political rapprochement between lesbians and gay men, but it certainly will aid in understanding why the current gulf exists. Highly recommended.

Gore Vidal's Romp Through Persia

Creation
by Gore Vidal
Random House, 1981
510 pages, \$15.95

by Brendan Barrett

Searchers for samples of wit on par with Gore Vidal's latest performance in the *Times* ("A narcissist is someone who's better-looking than you are") would do better to read *View from a Window*, the recent collection of his interviews, than his new novel.

Creation is more serious. Vidal unfolds the map of the 5th century B.C. and points to not only the rivers and mountains, temples and ziggurats, shipwrecks and ruins; he highlights also contrasting notions of heaven and hell, the eternal and ephemeral, Paradise and the void—even the Buddhist *sunyata*, or "shining void."

The story is recounted by the aged and blind Cyrus Spitama, grandson of Zoroaster, to his 18-year-old nephew, Democritus. Child of a Persian father and Greek mother, Cyrus is raised at the Persian court in Susa, where he befriends the future king, Xerxes. His duties as Persian ambassador take him throughout the empire and to points beyond, notably India and Cathay.

To adequately recount the plot of this 510-page novel would require considerably more space than I have here, but it should at least be said that the tale, told in Periclean Athens (445 B.C.), includes Spitama's contact with Darius, Xerxes, Socrates, Buddha, Lao-tzu, and Confucius; features queens and slaves, generals and eunuchs, prostitutes and "companions"; and involves plots, sub-

plots, intrigue, assassination, cruelty, calculation—in short, not a world in which the good die happily and the bad get what they deserve (elements of fiction) but a time when the beautiful, like Xerxes, die violently, and the followers of the Lie—the Greeks—are exalted (historical fiction).

Readers should have little difficulty recognizing the cultural signposts along the way, since Vidal's Persians, like Shakespeare's Elizabethans in Roman garb or Voltaire's savants in Babylonian drag, often dress in one mode and speak in another. In *Creation* the ennui and aversion have American quirks—not surprising, since Vidal has explored these qualities before in such forthrightly American novels as *1876* and *Burr*.

In this veiled contemporary mode, consider, for example, Spitama's description of his visit with Xerxes to the temple of Ishtar in Babylon, where, according to ancient law, each Babylonian woman must prostitute herself at least once during her lifetime:

According to custom, you make your choice by dropping silver into a woman's lap. She then rises, takes your arm and leads you into the temple, where hundreds of wooden partitions have been set up to create a series of doorless cells. If you can find an empty cell, you couple on the floor. Although spectators are not encouraged by the eunuchs, good-looking women or men often attract a considerable audience—briefly. The circumstances are such that precipitous speed tends to be the rule in Ishtar's service.

Like one of his favorite novelists,

Jorge Cabano, especially the Calvino of *Invisible Cities*, Vidal delights in placing his imagination quite firmly in the past while maintaining a sense of irony almost regretfully in the present, and this interplay emerges during Spitama's journey to Cathay.

When I asked Fan Ch'ih why the Cathayans always pretend there are too many people in their lovely empty world, he used the phrase the dictator Huan had used: "When we were few and things were many, there was universal happiness. Now that things are few, men many . . ."

The special mixture of imagination and irony comes across again in Spitama's interview with Confucius, which no doubt David Stockman could enjoy:

If in good times the ruler is willing to share in the plenty then in bad times he should be willing to accept the fact that he is not going to have as much to spend as he would like to have.

It is during the audiences with Confucius (who, we learn, is "an expert angler") and Buddha that Spitama is most observant. Confucius is a quirky respondent, and, though probably an atheist, says: "Heaven is the dispenser of life and death, good fortune and bad." For the Zoroastrian Spitama, Buddha's theory of creation is also evasive: "Since no one can ever know for certain whether or not his view of creation is the correct one, it is absolutely impossible for him to know if someone else's is the wrong one." *

Vidal's roundtable on creation also includes other views, including Spitama's own notion that the world was created during a battle between forces of good and evil, but none is as well-integrated into the story as that of Confucius or Buddha. The ideas of Pythagoras and Lao-tzu tend to dissolve into the heavy, fact-filled narrative, and the Greeks, due to Spitama's prejudices, are much maligned.

Despite a dislike for Greek ideas, Spitama's most characteristic line is his

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most Socratic: "I must also confess that in the seventy years which have passed since the death of Zoroaster, I have looked upon so many faces of deity in so many parts of this huge world that I know for certain nothing."

The wisest remark belongs to a prince Spitama meets in India. After confessing an inability to understand the Buddha's complicated jokes, the prince says, "Although I am sufficiently advanced that I can smile at this world, I cannot laugh at it just yet," a line that, despite the seriousness of the novel, best describes my own response to *Creation*.



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THEATER

Rose: Glenda's Turn

by Terry Helbing

Glenda Jackson finds herself on Broadway for the first time in over 15 years in *Rose*, in which a woman goes about trying to find herself. The play is definitely of the "I-am-a-woman-I'm-so-oppressed" genre, which is not a denigration of the legitimate efforts of women, gay men or whomever to shake off the bonds of oppression, but an objection to the trivialization of their plight. We have been hearing this theme for years, and when it starts appearing in the commercial theater in places like *I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road*—I.A.A.W.I.S.O. set

know what's to be done: about her stale marriage, her attempt to rise in the educational hierarchy, her attraction to her classroom visitor, and the possibility of an affair—in sum, her life is one big question mark.

You'd never believe that Glenda Jackson is confused or undecided, though; she's such a forceful and determined actress that you can't accept for a moment that she's at all oppressed. Playwright Andrew Davies doesn't help the situation by having Rose narrate the play; a few words from her and the walls of the unit set fly up, set pieces briskly appear and disappear—this woman is in charge!

Despite the basic dichotomy between script and performance, there are, as they say, "some nice moments." Rose gives one of her colleagues a migraine with her forthright opinions on homosexuality ("Well, how do you know I'm not gay?") and when attempting to conform to orthodox school procedures, instructs her charges on the necessary steps to make letter bombs. The second act is noticeably better than the first, with a delightful scene in a wine bar between Rose and her paramour—she's so nervous at the prospect of an affair that



Glenda Jackson and Jessica Tandy
Photo by: Martha Swope

to music, which ends its interminable New York run recently with the epitome of the oppressed woman, Phyllis Newman, in the lead role—or here in *Rose*, you know somebody's out to make a fast buck from what they think is the new *chichi* subject.

Rose is an English Midlands primary school teacher who's having mid-life crisis. We see her in successive scenes with her "There's no need-for-that" mother (consummately played by Jessica Tandy), her school superior and fellow teacher, a visiting front office observer, her best friend, and her lackluster husband. She doesn't seem to

she blurs out the whole scenario for the classic pick-up-in-a-bar quickie affair, a six-month fling described from beginning to end in six nonstop minutes, that Jackson delivers with exquisite timing and speedy comic flair.

Jessica Tandy, who seems to have achieved sainthood in the American theater, opens each act with a scene with Jackson. The second-act opener contains some touching moments as she describes "the physical side" of her relationship with her husband, an obviously rare moment of intimacy between mother and daughter.

Although clearly a skilled actress and

equal to the task of carrying a title role, Jackson has developed what can only be called Hepburnisms, habitual head and neck movements that are distracting and eventually irritating the more they appear.

Rose seems a strange choice for Jackson to use as a return to the Broadway stage; granted, it is difficult to find good

scripts with middle-aged women's roles that have the appropriate star vehicle quality, but an indecisive character played by a commanding actress like Jackson is an odd combination. Audiences seem to sense this, too, and it is Jessica Tandy, in the more appealing, cantankerous-but-kind matronly role, who wins their greatest approval.



Bern Boyle, author and star of *Spin Dry*, now playing at *Laundrama*. Photo by: John Berryhill

Rinse Is Not Enough

by John Berryhill

Just when I thought I'd seen it all, those clever kids on the Lower East Side have come along with an idea so revolutionary that even an old jade like me is impressed. What they've done is combine the most boring household chore there is, namely laundry, with an exciting art form, drama, and created the first laundromat/theater. The place is called, appropriately enough, *Laundrama*. Upon mentioning to a friend that my wish was in desperate need of doing, she told me that I "sui ply must try this fabulous new place." I asked what could possibly be fabulous about a laundromat, and she replied with a mischievous smile, "You'll see." I was intrigued enough to carry my soiled rags an extra five blocks. It was well worth the trek.

At first, the place seemed to be no different from any other laundromat (except, perhaps, for the Bloolips Laundrama). All the standard equipment was present in the usual layout. Indeed, I was not even aware when the show started, for the action of the play takes place in a laundrette. The main character is Lydia Pincuf, played to perfection by Shaaron Marrero. She is a mundane, beleaguered housewife who falls in love with Ms. Coinette (Joyce Clarke), the change maker and clothes folder. The romance is queered by the untimely arrival of Coinette's husband, Randy Underwear, portrayed with villainous charm by the playwright himself, Bern Boyle. There is an absolutely hysterical scene in which Lydia and Coinette, after feeding Randy a lethal dose of Snowy Bleach, attempt to conceal the body in a dryer. Mr. Boyle has an excellent ear for realistic dialogue, even as the situations run toward the absurd. Ms. Marrero and Ms. Clarke are wonderful comedienesses who never go for the cheap shot.

Both bring warmth and believability to the suds-crossed lovers. The play, I later learned, is entitled *Spin Dry*.

The founder and artistic director of *Laundrama* is a man by the name of Hoyt Soltau. He asked me not to mention the location of his concern, as he fears it will become overrun with "outsiders." "This project, this space, is for the people in the neighborhood. We don't advertise, but people have found out by word of mouth."

How ever did you come up with this concept in *entertainment*?

"People in a laundromat are the quintessential captive audience. What better place to do theater? Of course, all the productions have to be pared down to the time it takes to do one wash cycle."

Are there future plans?

"We're toying with the idea of doing something classical next. Maybe Chekhov's *One Sister* or even Shakespeare's *Romeo*."

Can you do it, just juggling everything in?

"Oh, yes! In today's busy world, who isn't trying to do at least two things at once? By combining activities, we're allowing people to make the most of their time. No waste. I'm sure other businesses will follow suit."

The idea is certainly intriguing. Endless possibilities present themselves. In no time at all, we're sure to see a spate of multi-functional establishments. For example:

"La Maison de Therapy." A tasteful shop on the Upper East Side. The owner, Mr. Sigmund, describes himself as an analyst/colonist. His motto is, "First the outside of your head, then the inside."

"The Grand Unions." The West Village's first back room/supermarket. Everything from fresh fruits to chopped chuk, VD check-ups, aisle 3.

"The Library of Congress." A midtown establishment catering to the libidinous intellectual. A lending library and brothel. The perfect solution to otherwise boring research.

A trend could easily get started. *Laundrama* has begun to blaze a trail that could take civilization to new heights. With enough good ol' Yankee ingenuity and hallucinogenic drugs, anything is possible.

GALLERIES

Portraits for the Family Album

by Adam O'Connor

For the space of an evening we had the opportunity to view the first lot in a series of portraits commissioned by



the Mariposa Foundation. The foundation's most notable work to date has been its efforts toward a Stonewall memorial for Sheridan Square. For this new project Mariposa hopes to engage several artists to make portraits of important contributors to the gay movement. The first portrait group by Don Bachardy is as auspicious a beginning as one could wish.

Bachardy, a Californian, is well known for his Ingresque drawings of Christopher Isherwood. Mercifully, the work he has done for the Mariposa commission is less tense than these but their subjects are depicted with familiar skill and obvious affection. The works are black on white with the black running from a very dark inky line to a light gray wash. Details are worked with an ink-impregnated drawing stub. Sandy DeSando, associate director of the Hibbs Gallery, where the works were

shown, points out that the portraits are, done from life in single three-hour sittings without the aid of preliminary drawings.

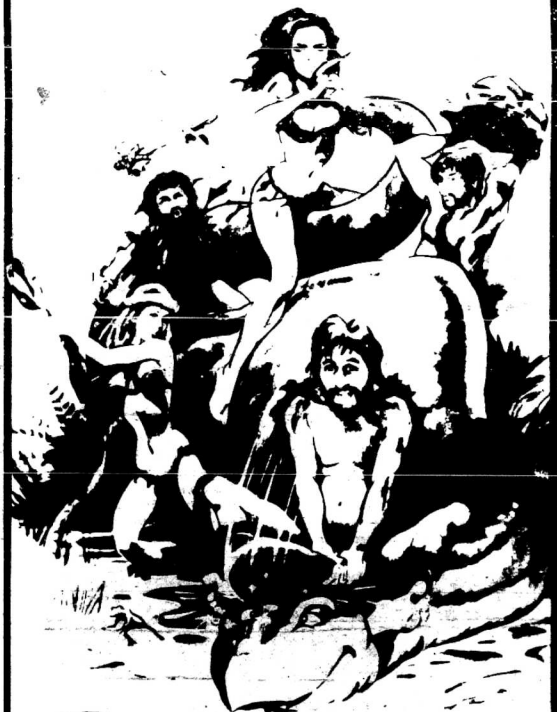
The drawings do have a look of immediacy about them which makes them quite palatable as a group and lends a reassuring casualness to the work. The effect is not that of a pantheon, and this is good. The faces of the strangers are familiar; seeing the portraits is like viewing a friend's family album. Perhaps their circulation will help make the family our own.

Last week the Mariposa portraits were in Los Angeles and San Diego, and plans are for them to travel to Houston, Washington, Boston, and Chicago. The national tour is under the joint patronage of Mayor Feinstein of San Francisco

Reverend Troy Perry, founder of the Metropolitan Community Church. Photo of the Don Bachardy portrait by: Jerry P. Meind and Joel Wachs, President Pro Tempore of the Los Angeles City Council. Groups who sponsor the display of the works with Mariposa split the funds raised by the display. The original commission of Mr. Bachardy was sponsored by the Mildred Andrews Art Fund.

Charges of high-browism or self-congratulation lurk, but other groups on the move have known that when all else is gone power can spring anew from patriot graves and other remembrances. The portraits are a part of Mariposa's efforts, which are themselves only part of larger efforts, and it is of course impossible to tell what will remain and what will fade, but such luxurious efforts should not be dismissed out of hand. A strong community memory can make for fine revenge.

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FASHION

Too Clothes for Comfort

by John Berryhill

Whoever staged the Ron Cher-skin fashion show at the Saint must not have anticipated the crush of people who were in attendance, March 31. From the outside, the affair seemed quite grand, limos and taxis relentlessly disgorging Beautiful People at the unlikely corner of Second Avenue and Sixth Street. Everyone was dressed to the nines; no clone drag here. And women: At the Saint. The regulars must have been livid.

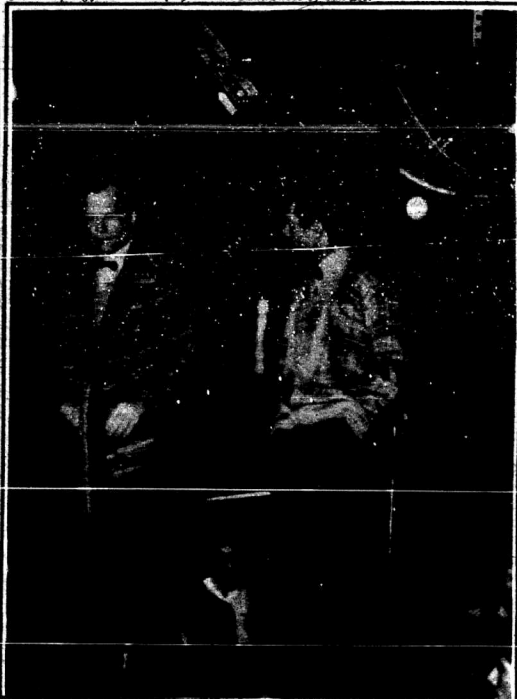
Once inside you couldn't see a thing. The upstairs dance-dome was closed and the downstairs was packed solid. At long last the show started. As the models came down the ramps, you could catch brief snatches of their attire, but

when they reached their ultimate destination, the main floor, visibility was nil. From the way the tops of their heads moved, it was obvious that they were attempting some sort of choreography. From the uncomfortable expressions on their faces, it was obvious that it was not working. Why do the people who stage these events always insist upon making non-dancers dance? It's such an embarrassment for everyone.

Oh, yes, the clothes. There were lots of cunning sweater sets (for you boys who don't know what that is, it's a cardigan over a matching sweater vest), reversible bomber jackets in innovative colors and patterns, and more pleated pants. The garments ranged from jogging suits to dinner wear, though all of it had a casual sportswear feeling. I couldn't help noting the irony of showing these festive clothes in the Saint, where nobody would be caught dead wearing anything *haute couture*. A lot of men at the show were sporting three-piece suits, but they all had that nervous look of someone in a cruising situation without the support of his cruise costume.

The show ended. Everyone applauded madly to show his appreciation, and then rushed home to slip into a pair of Levi's model no. 501 button-fly, shrink-to-fit blue jeans. After all, you can't go wrong with a classic.

The new spring fashions as displayed at the Saint. Photo by Tim Lee.



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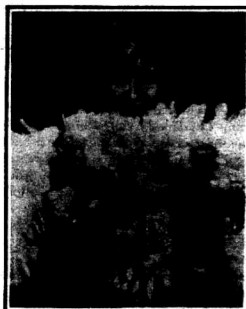
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Leather and Feathers at the Duplex

by Terry Helbing

Leather and feathers are not like oil and water: despite being at seemingly opposite poles of the gay community continuum, they have a great deal in common, insofar as costume reflects lifestyle. This became quite apparent at the Duplex on weekends late in March, when Ruby Rims (the feathers) performed late Friday evenings and Bruce Hopkins (the leather) appeared late Sunday nights.

"The Sweetheart of the Village" has been around the Village entertainment scene for many years now, primarily known for her lip-synch antics at 3 and 5:30 a.m. several nights a week at the Anvil. Ruby Rims has been able to take lip-synch one step further than most drag acts; whether doing the Three Degrees, Shirley Bassey or Eartha Kitt, she has constantly shown a cleverness in her approach that shows she has a healthy cynicism about her act. With a single



Mr. Ruby Rims, "The Sweetheart of the Village."

turn of the wrist or a clever pantomime, she adds a satirical touch to her interpretations that the classic "girl groups" of the '60s could not hope to understand.

With this background, you wonder what her live act is like. It turns out to be pretty typical transvestite cabaret fare—Ruby impersonates some obvious women—but with a few unexpected twists. You can always tell when Ruby is doing a new character: she puts on a different wig. She does Carol Channing (singing "The First Noel"), then Bette Davis (imagine Bette doing "I Will Survive" and "Fame") and you understand Ruby's unusual sense of humor) and Connie Francis, "Miss Howard Johnson's," before doing the standard "change before your eyes" number, Charles Aznavour's "What Makes a Man a Man." When singing as a man, Ruby has a strangely appealing Jim Nabors-like quality and reveals a strong voice within a limited range. He's been doing the act for two-and-a-half years now,

and ably accompanied by that bastion of the cabaret circuit, Richard Burke, when he closes with "If You Love Me, Really Love Me," his sincerity and pixieish quality make you really want to like him.

Bruce Hopkins appeared in some TOSOS productions in the mid-70s and has been polishing his cabaret show since then. His work has paid off, for he has developed a fast-moving, first-rate openly gay/leather act. Like Ruby, it contains an image transformation, from brown robe ("in his raw form") to full black leather, happening during "Who Can Marry A Gigolo," when he becomes Bruce "Manly" Hopkins, "New York's oldest 33-year-old tapdancing leather number." Accompanied by Mark Cherry, his act claims to be in the form of a lecture on "the place of reality in everyday life," and he packs it with numerous successful one-liners and musical selections that assiduously and thankfully avoid the average cabaret standards. He explains that he is "one tough cookie who really meant to be Mary Tyler Moore" and reveals his kinky predilection for "Animal Crackers." "You're Laughing At Me" tells us he's an incurable romantic, and in "Happy Feet" we find out which half of the Fred and Ginger team he'd rather be. His flair for comedy is at its best in "Never Do Anything Twice," where the lyrics are rife with leathersex double entendres.

That Hopkins has strong control of his well-trained voice is obvious in his encore, "Dancing On the Ceiling," in which he simulates this effect on the



Bruce Hopkins, "New York's oldest 33-year-old tapdancing leather number." Photo by John Galluzzi

tiny Duplex stage by standing on his head and performing a balletic dance while singing the song.

The two performers follow one another again this month, appearing at a club in Vancouver, before Ruby is off to Provincetown for the summer. Both performers use their costume-identified personas to great effect in a cabaret setting, but while Ruby Rims' act is still developing and finding its way, Bruce Hopkins' act has jelled nicely and is a sparkling evening's entertainment.

Ka-Chung, Ka-Chunga... Cowabunga! Antmusic for Sexpeople

by D.J. Waxman

Rock music has evolved in England to respond to their economic breakdown. Kids can't buy ten albums a month at \$14.00 apiece any more. Bands and fans have separated into factions or mini-cultures complete with individual dress, lifestyle, language, and mythology. Fans now adopt one band based only on accoutrements of identity. They buy one group's albums and see their shows to the exclusion of any other's. You can see a lot of pirate fashion in London these days, although I can't be sure about the warpaint.

Adam and the Ants are Number One on the British charts already so they're bringing the Ant invasion to "sexpeople" in the U.S. I didn't hear what's supposed to scare us about ants, but even the trashiest hype from the record biz won't prevent addiction to its music. Adam himself could become addictive. With teased black hair, high cheekbones, broad jaw, and deepest eyes, he's a slightly more butch vision of young David Bowie. Swashbuckling, in his old, broadened coat, or earthy in his loincloth (and shirtless either way), Adam has

revived both pirates and Indians. He has effectively combined two of my favorite boyhood images, anyway—butch and Bowie, that is.



Adam and the Ants, a cross-breed of pirates and Indians. Photo courtesy of Epic Records

If all this seems incomprehensible, you are getting the point. This is Adam's second album, *Kings of the Wild Frontier*. The Ants' new LP plunges the

MUSIC

Why is Adam So Adamant?

This story was nearly impossible to do. Although the reasons are numerous, a few of them make sense. The abridged version:

1. I wanted to do a story on Adam and the Ants' music because a lot of the style, perspective, and content relates to gays in a surprisingly accurate way.

2. On hearing the word gay, the people in the Publicity Department at Epic Records all but hung up the phone. They claimed no previous knowledge of Christopher Street magazine or the New York Native.

3. This mess was finally examined as resulting from Adam's reaction to what was termed a "vicious attack" (based on Adam's alleged homosexuality) in the New York Rocker, a prominent rock monthly. (Adam says for the record that he is "100 percent heterosexual.")

4. Adam and Epic considered gay press interest in Adam in and of itself, damaging.

5. What to do? I was torn between writing the story I had intended or attacking both the way homophobia begets more homophobia and the way Epic Records had insisted on continuing that process. I decided to do both.

Postscript: I sneaked into a party for Adam last week, introduced myself and asked pointedly if his catchword for the audience, "sexpeople," referred to all varieties. After a heavy pause, he did admit that all sex is done by people, so it must be a universal term.

D.J. Waxman

listener into a new and different world, one largely constructed by Adam Ant himself. The music is naturally so free and full of fun that you won't even mind.

The percussion reaches out and captures right from the start. If you have held any predisposition to rock and new wave throughout our years of disco, now's your chance. This isn't another droning disco beat in rock wrapping. There are backbeats, reggae hesitations, and syncopation with more variety in arrangement than you've heard for a while. There are tons of toms, of course, but rhythm sticks, tympani, and stuff like trashcan lids, too. It all recalls the days when we could get out on a dance floor and show what to do with a sophisticated beat. Obviously, these days for this kind of musical achievement, the Ants needed two drummers to get true, rock and "soul" flavor.

The guitars and vocals have antecedents enough to provide an unconscious familiarity to us all. Mixing fuzz-tone rudeness, rockability, and reverbed, surfer styles, guitars add to and reinforce the strong beats. There are abbreviated and subdued melodies in the rhythm guitar and screechy, nipping chord leads that recall the best from days of glitter rock.

Adam and the Ants recreate kid feelings and more in their vocals. The most successful sound like a community chorus, at least a dozen voices at once, to make anthems out of simple, repeated phrases. The range of style, however, extends from plaintive (crackling to fal-

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DANCE

A Sleeper in Akron

by Barry Laine

One might hardly expect Akron, Ohio to be the seat of a major ballet company, yet its hometown Ohio Ballet, the fourth entry on the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Exxon-sponsored Ballet America series, proved to be a more worthwhile import than the preceding, more vaunted companies of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Cleveland. Which only goes to show that might does not make right, that money won't necessarily buy art, and that a good choreographer is hard to find.

The choreographer in point here is Heinz Poll, a German who found his way to Ohio in 1968 after dancing in East Berlin, Chile, and Paris. It was Poll who founded the Ohio troupe, and it is Poll's low-key, no-hoopla style that has created a sleeper of a ballet company. Ohio Ballet contrasts decidedly with the nearby Cleveland Ballet—and what a difference those 30 or so miles on Route 21 make! Without hitting into Cleveland once again in these pages, let me just say that the Ohio Ballet is a modest company; it does not overreach. Perhaps its origin as an eight-member chamber ballet (the company has only grown to 21 dancers so far) explains something about Poll's sensibility. He does not offer chorus lines or production numbers, but well-crafted, imaginative and self-congratulatory dances. The Ohioans have an active repertoire of 21 ballets, of which Poll has supplied thirteen. To round out the repertoire he has carefully selected other contemporary pieces that complement his movement vocabulary and extend the dancers' range—one each by George Balanchine, George Cunningham, Robert Joffrey, Gerald Arpino, Anna Sokolow and Ruthanna Boris, and two by Paul Taylor.

What makes a good choreographer? A tough question, of course, and one I won't attempt to fully answer here. But some thoughts: we admire an actor who can get below the surface of his part, who becomes his character, who doesn't "indicate" his actions but lives them—onstage for us to see. Likewise, a ballet must be self-conscious, sufficient unto itself, true to its own world. Bad ballets may be lean or fat (remember the anecdote about Emperor Franz Joseph criticizing Mozart because his music had "too many notes"?), but good ballets are complete at three minutes' or three hours' length (and Mozart's appropriate reply was that there were "exactly as many as were needed"). Good choreography—like good drama, or music, or painting—also knows what it's about. If its path is predictable, then it shares with you the joy of its secure folding. If the unexpected is introduced, then the aesthetic shock is meant to bring you to a new perception. Good choreography must

exist beyond the here and now; there must be something left after the dancers have changed and the costumes have frayed. Good choreography shines through even a bad performance in a bad production.

Of the nine ballets brought to BAM last month by the Ohio Ballet, seven were by Poll, giving New York audiences a chance to judge the range of his work. And the very fact that several very different ballets were successful attests to Poll's versatile imagination. My favorite was *Images*, the most complex and perhaps most peculiar of the pieces. Set to selections from the Debussy piano work of the same title, the ballet is divided into five sections, "Aquarelle," "Prisoner," "Nightmare," "Salome," and "Aquarium," each of which is richly costumed and theatrically lit to create a thick and varying ambience. Some critics have chastised Poll for over-interpretation of the coloration of Debussy's score—but these separate vignettes do work together as a whole to spin out a set of variations on mood.

"Aquarelle" offers nine dancers—water sprites, perhaps, with fabric dripping off their arms and legs in diluted greens and browns. They swirl, curve, and dive in fluid motions, negotiating a murky but supporting medium. "Prisoner" opens with a simple spotlight on a solo male dancer (Scott Heinzerling), his costume an abstracted striped leotard. He covers a lot of territory during the dance, but what I remember most is the repeated tick of his head. I appreciated the way Poll uses a small (but no less powerful) motion to epitomize the anxiety and anguish of the prisoner's condition. "Nightmare" is just that; eight dancers in masks, exercising stylized gestures that never communicate, only threaten and intimidate. Definitely not a dream you'd ever want to be invited to. "Salome" is an absolute gem, owing in part to Oscar Wilde, Vladimir Nabokov, and Theda Bara. Herod (Christopher Stygar) looks as if he has wandered in on the wrong movie set, done up more as a high camp Assyrian than a Roman-Judean, while Salome (played superbly by the petite Diane Wolfson) is a childlike nymphet, with a crown the likes of which I haven't seen since Sunday School pageants. When she finally gets her head after a rather disinterestedly erotic dance (yes, veils and all as soldiers and courtiers look on and Herod pants), she carries it off to the wings like a pouting Long Island teenybopper stalking off to her shag-carpeted bedroom with a large Diet Pepsi and a copy of *Screen Romance*. Everything is slightly off in the ballet, everything is a little ridiculous, which makes it all terrific. Ineffective Herod can't even keep his foot-high hat on straight. The final section of *Images*, "Aquarium," bathes the full cast of fifteen in an orange glow. This is perhaps the most abstract of all the vignettes, although the dancers swim in and out of each other's paths, grouping and regrouping till reaching a kinetic climax.

What is so winning about *Images* is not merely the entertaining narrative or exotic locale of the several segments, but that such aspects are really secondary to the emotional coloration each vignette achieves. What sounds like a



Diane Wolfson and Christopher Stygar of the Ohio Ballet in *Images*. Photo by Tom Myers.

series of pretty diversifications is also a psychologically subtle gloss on inner states of mind.

State of mind is also a suggested issue in *Pavane*, a not-so-simple duet performed by Jane Startzman and Christopher Stygar. As the curtain rises we see the two dancers in fire-red costumes, the backdrop washed with the same flaming colored light. Gosh, I think, he's really pulling out all the stops. Yet the choreography (to music by Faure) proceeds carefully, in dispassionate contrast to the visual trappings. The vocabulary is academic and classical—assisted arabesques and pirouettes, the typical dancer noble and ballerina routine. But where are we? The steps are familiar (was that a Petipa "Spanish" quote there?) but the man's leotard rises to an upturned collar and the woman sports a shield-like hat—a pair of uniforms, save the devilish color, that I've seen in many a bad science fiction film. Soon it's apparent that the man's role is not only to "assist," but to control. He directs the woman's movements more purposefully, and she in turn becomes more doll-like, at ballet's end a glazed extension of his power. A chilling use of what started out as a traditional *pas de deux*.

But just to demonstrate Poll's diversity, there's *Duet*, another *pas de deux* (this to a piano/cello arrangement of Bach). Steffany-Lynn Stearns and Scott Heinzerling dance this one, in black and white practice clothes, in stark, white light. No special effects here, just steps—a lot of partnering, some lifts—"typical" again. But Poll's choices are considered; his lifts are not thoughtless or extraneous but integral to the flow of the ballet's phrasing. He's using vocabulary we've all "heard" before, but it's like a sonnet—much of the thrill is in how the words are used in just such a pattern of so many accents, rhymes, and lines.

Credit must also be given to Ohio Ballet associate director and lighting designer Thomas Skelton, who, like Poll, can be extreme or simple as the case may demand. His "red" *Pavane*, his

"white" *Duet*, the multiple textures of *Images*, all enhance and complement the spirit of the dances. Skelton is one of the best designers around today (he has lit for all the major ballet companies and for some of the major modern troupes too). You also know he's good because he can claim as his protégé Jennifer Tipton—currently one of the most acclaimed and awarded lighting designers in both dance and theater.

Poll's other ballets seen at BAM, Schubert Waltzes, *Summer Night*, *Scenes from Childhood*, and *Fantasy in F minor* were also appealing—some more, some less—and they all gave one pause for both pleasure and reflection. The Ohio Ballet dancers are not the least of the package. Well-trained, disciplined and committed, they not only did justice to Poll's choreography, but turned in a polished performance of Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco* and an energetic, if too airy, performance of Taylor's *Aurore*.

Seeing the Ohio Ballet in the context of a festival of American ballet companies from different regions of the country makes a sobering point: ballet is expanding at a faster rate than can be serviced by good choreographers. There'll never be many (or enough) creators of the Balanchine caliber, but it is too much to want a regular dose of craft, consideration, and intelligence? Maybe we should ask ourselves just how much and how well we're encouraging and training our next generation of choreographers.

DANCE TIPS

It's the height of the dance season now, and you can catch Paul Taylor Dance Company April 14-May 3 at City Center and American Ballet Theater, starting April 20 and continuing for eight weeks, at the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center. You might also try the San Francisco-based Margaret Jenkins Dance Company, April 15, 17, 18, and 19, part of the Dance Umbrella at the new "The Space" at City Center.

Coming Out for Softball

by David Feinberg

About five years ago, around the time former pro football player David Kopay came out in the *Washington Star*, there began a new stage in gay male culture. Whereas previously gays had mainly looked up to fallen film stars, more began finding role models in traditionally all-male settings.

Also in the mid-'70s gay men began to organize sports clubs, particularly for softball, and in April 1977 the first gay

Softball and the other MCAA sports have gone well beyond their stated goal of promoting gay athletics to the gay community. They have helped promote the gay community at large, often by sponsoring events for community service groups such as the Gay Switchboard.

Additionally, the MCAA sports have aroused a degree of political interest.

A declaration by no less than Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein is heralding the first Gay Sports Week, from May 11 to 17. MCAA Director Richard Diaz, however, denies that the association has a political role. "We are not a political association," he said. "Some people see a political impact, but that's a matter of interpretation." By its very existence gay softball advances a new, nonstereotypical image of gay people. This is an important message to deliver to the straight TV-viewing masses, but more important is the message it gives to gays at all stages of coming out.

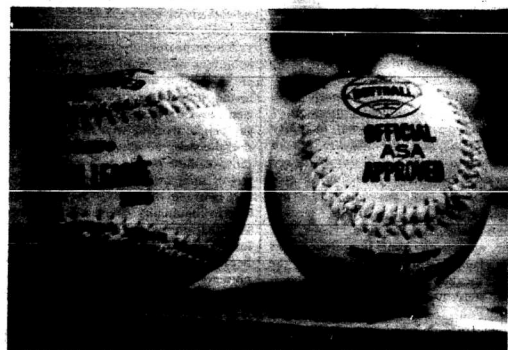


Photo by Clain DiPalma

softball league games in New York were fought out between teams representing four bars, the Eagle and the Ramrod and Boot Hill and the Nickel.

From this start, the Metropolitan Community Athletic Association Big Apple Softball League has grown to involve 350 men and women playing on 16 teams. The league will kick off its fifth season with opening day ceremonies April 26 at 3 p.m. on the Great Lawn of Central Park.

Although it started with softball, the MCAA has nurtured other sports programs. Bowling began in 1978, and a volleyball league will join the MCAA this spring. A pool league is scheduled to come into the fold later this year. With membership now at 600 and expected to rise to 1,000 in a few months, the MCAA is becoming one of the largest gay/lesbian institutions in town.

Softball, however, is more than just a lot of people having a good time. Intentionally or not, it has influenced several important areas of gay life, from bar-going to religion to community relations.

Probably the most concrete example of this is to be found every June on Saturday of Gay Pride Week. On that day the softball all-star team takes on the team from the Greenwich Village police precinct.

By 1980, this game had become a pageant. Opening ceremonies took in the Gay Men's Chorus and the Gay and Lesbian Community Marching Band; afterwards, the game's fans headed to G. Bamum's and a benefit for Senior Action in a Gay Environment.

Those most affected are the players, especially those who never dreamed they would ever be seen in an athletic uniform. Although some had always been involved in softball or other sports, others had not played a game since high school physical education.

"I never perceived myself as being athletically inclined until I played softball in the gay league," said Tom Hull, a catcher with the Centre Bar Buddies who is starting his second season. Before 1980, Hull had not been in sports for 20 years. In his first year, Hull met his current lover at a tournament in Milwaukee and has now become the manager of his team.

Until last year, every team in the softball league was sponsored by a bar, usually one with a Western-type decor. There was more to this than having a tavern's name spelled out on uniforms. "It drew a lot of people from the bars closer," Diaz said.

Aside from tradition, there was no reason why only bars could sponsor a team. Dignity/New York, the gay and lesbian Catholic organization, broke new ground by entering its own team.

"We needed more outlets for a very diversified group of people," said Tom Raleigh, who founded the Dignity team. "An athletic group was high on my agenda." He said that Dignity has benefited from the exposure and that some people have joined the organization because of it. But he made it clear that religious proselytizing was never a purpose of the team.

Jerry Fitzpatrick, manager of the Centre Bar on St. Marks Place, is the

SPORTS

It's spring and the Big Apple Softball League kicks off its fifth season Sunday April 26th in Central Park. This year promises to be the most exciting season so far.

Executive Board
Softball Commissioner Jerry Fitzpatrick—elected late last year along with Teryl Travers (assistant), John Panarace (treasurer), and Harry Walder (secretary)—make up the Softball Board for the 1981 season. The board has been working all winter and has developed an exciting softball program for the gay metropolitan area. All major decisions are approved by the managers' and players' reps from the various teams. The meetings are open to all players; for information, contact your manager.

Fields
The games this year will be played on three different fields. Wednesday and Saturday evenings the games will be held at 65th and Broadway in Queens near Billy the Kid. Saturday at 11 a.m. and Sunday at 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. the games will be played at Grand Street near the East River Drive in Lower Manhattan. And Saturday at 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. they'll be playing in East Orange, New Jersey, near Charlie's West.

Rule Changes
The 3-12-foot-high arc pitch is the new change, and defense will be the name of the game. Gays are the days of windmill-speed pitchers. The best defense will probably cop the league championship, and all the teams are faced with the same problems in converting to the lob pitch. This rule will make more teams competitive as well as make the games more exciting. The league also adopted the designated hitter rule this year, referring, of course, to all American League Teams.

Those players and fans who have followed the gay softball scene for the past four years may be interested in knowing that M.A.G.A. (North American Gay Association) voted last spring to overturn the 80/20 rule, which has been in effect for a number of years. The new ruling is that the Gay World Series will be completely gay.

Schedule and Playoffs
The 1981 B.A.S.L. consists of two conferences, the Howell and Dima, in each conference there are two divisions. There are four teams in each division and eight teams in each conference. Each team plays two games with teams in their division and one game

with teams in the other division. Each team plays a total of ten games within its own conference.

Howell Conference

Division I
Boot Hill Bandits
Centre Buddies
Kelly's Village West
Spike Rebels

Division II
Barbery Coast Pirates
Dignity
East 53
Ramrod

Dima Conference

Division 3
Billy the Kid
Charlie's West
Gay Men's Chorus
Wildwood

Division 4

Dalles/Boots and Saddles
Eagle
Nickel Bison
South Dakota

The playoff will feature eight teams. The first and second-place teams in each division will qualify and play a one-game playoff to determine divisional leaders. Divisional leaders will play a one-game play to determine the conference championship. And finally, the conference winners will play a three-out-of-five series to determine the league championship and represent New York in the Gay World Series in Toronto on Labor Day weekend.

The opening game this year will be in Central Park on Sunday, April 26 at 3 p.m. Two charter teams, the Nickel and the Eagle, will face each other for the eighth time since the league began. Each team has won four apiece. In 1978 the Eagle knocked the Nickel out of the playoffs. In 1979 the Nickel returned the favor by knocking the Eagle out of the playoffs. Both teams are old rivals and are the only teams who have made the playoffs every year.

Pre-game ceremonies will be handled by the Boot Hill Bandits. On tap will be the New York Gay Community Marching Band and the Gay Men's Chorus. Andrew Stein is scheduled to throw out the first pitch to kick off the Big Apple Softball League season.

Richard Diaz

softball league commissioner. Other officers are Teryl Travers, vice commissioner, Harry Walder, secretary, and John Panarace, treasurer.

A major project of the board will be preparing for the 1983 Gay World Series, which is expected to draw an estimated one to two thousand players

and fans from around the continent.

The event, to be co-sponsored by the Greater Gotham Business Council, will likely demonstrate that gay sports have economic as well as political significance for the community and the city.

But that is all incidental to people having a good time.



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Antmusic

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setto, solos from Adam) to low-octave war chants, to harmonic sea chanteys in four parts. Although individual parts can all be traced back to origin, this is very original music as it is combined. The production has added to its freshness with an open, almost acoustic sound. This record gives the feel of a live band playing, rather than 20 bloodless tracks of sound mixed inside some sterile machine.

Okay, the music is catchy, vocals are neat and interesting, and it has a good beat. I'd give it a 94. No, I would, but that doesn't tell what it's about. Adam's stories and lyrics are neither ancient nor modern. Timeless might better describe, with a little of the old and the new. There are heroic flavored Indian or Jolly Roger tales along with depictions of fully modern cynical poses. Titles might help: "Kings of the Wild Frontier,"

"Physical (You're SO)," "Press Darlings," "The Human Beings" (tribe names in litany), etc. They are clever, knowledgeable, and detached in perspective to their subjects while retaining fondness for them. They are simple and universal yet assume an attitude of superior understanding. In short, you will easily feel at home with their style and approach.

I consider this an excellent work—work, because the creation goes beyond songs and music. The concept, style, and breadth of Adam's efforts endure eventual success. If he can be compared to anyone, it would be Bowie, who himself has gone far beyond. There are many, many traces of Ziggy Stardust, in both concept and sound, and Bowie pioneered this holistic rock vision as well as an ambiguity of ideal and identity. It will be interesting to see if Adam shares Bowie's chameleon nature, creating new characters and stories as each one created becomes worn and old. Such a comparison is complimentary, not complaint, we need more of their kind.

The Church Divided

Continued from page 21

uality in these scriptures. There is, in fact a large body of scholarship in the Jewish community that fully supports my interpretation. In any event, even the most recalcitrant theological traditions do not explain the current inability of the Jewish community to publicly acknowledge and condemn the Holocaust extermination, side by side with the Jews, of homosexuals.

When you speak of your disappointment with the Jewish response to the gay struggle, what else did you have in mind?

Here—in New York, when the City Council tries to pass a gay rights ordinance, the opposition is strong at the level of Jewish community leaders.

In The Church and the Homosexual, you conclude that "the primary argument for the continued oppression of the homosexual is the belief, in reality unfounded, that the stability of the family and the moral health of society demand such an oppression." Once again, what are the fallacies in this argument?

Actually, as I say in my book, it is the oppression itself that undermines the family structure by limiting the heterosexual to narrow and dehumanizing stereotypes and also by forcing

homosexuals into loveless marriages.

If children—whose sexual orientation everyone now agrees is involuntarily, unconsciously directed from the earliest development—could grow up with strong, loving, healthy heterosexual and homosexual role models, there would be much less fear and destructiveness in their sexuality. We would all be immeasurably freer to direct our sexuality in the loving service of God.

Look at the relationship of gays to their own families. Who is it that cares for a sick, elderly mother or father? It's usually the gay son or daughter. The great irony is that many of these gay persons lovingly care for parents or other relatives who refuse to discuss—to say nothing of accept—their children's individuality. In this sense, gays are living the fullest expression of Christ's example. They are suffering on the cross.

One of the most exciting and highly original of your book's contributions to social thought deals with the future role of the gay community. How has your vision of gay humanity developed since the book was published?

In my travels throughout the country, I've been profoundly impressed by the enormous number of gay people who are engaged in and deeply dedicated to loving human services—priests, physicians, psychotherapists, nurses, teachers, gay people working with retarded children, the sick, the blind, the poor. Since most of these people do not have children of their own, they tend to direct a vast reservoir of unselfish love into the human community. So great is this reservoir that the world could not bear its loss. Despite their personal suffering because of social ostracism, their loving presence is the oil that keeps the entire machine going.

Sometimes you get more than you're itching for.

Intimate moments can make for pleasant memories, but occasionally, something a lot less pleasant lingers as well—crabs, for example. Now there's RID: a liquid treatment that kills crabs in 40 minutes and provides rapid relief of itching. RID contains a safe, medically proven natural ingredient at almost twice the concentration of the leading non-prescription product. Each package also includes an instruction brochure and fine-tooth comb for lice and nit removal. You can buy RID at your pharmacy without a prescription and begin treatment at once.

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Spectacles on Broadway

by Michael Grumley

Up and down Broadway, lots of energy filling the theaters and movie houses. At the ornate and glorious Beacon, the National Dance Company of Senegal is giving its final New York performance. Flanked by colossal bronze figures on either side, the stage itself is like the opening of a gigantic tent, with standards a hundred feet high holding back the outside flaps. Twenty dancers are pounding the floor with their bare feet, twisting and arching their bodies. Black skin stretched tight across high cheekbones, rounded brows... under the stage's blue light, the thick biceps of the men and the ridges of their tightly muscled stomachs appear to be dusted with phosphorescence. The women's bare breasts flash under a sparkling pink, then a blue light, a stiltwalker hobbles on stage from a great height, shingled with lavender feathers, bobs and slides, catches the breath of the audience. In their seats, men and women laugh and applaud—in the audience are hats and

exotic headgear beyond counting, tuffs and turbans and fedoras, berets and beaded caps, a bewilderment of hair. The crowd is sleek and jaunty, appreciative of the dancers' thrashing exertions, the tinkling music of the gourd-like *dou*, the brightly colored costumes. There are dances with tufted shams containing men in yellow-crested bonnets and pantaloons, red and green quilted collars bouncing against wide black chests. Women in straw skirts and snake boas mimic the action of birds, two men playing gourd drums march each other's rhythm and motion, whirling across the stage, spinning in the lotus position, dancing on their hands. The crowd rises to its feet, delighted by the spectacle, glad of its African air.

Across the street, Italian melodies mingle like hot and cold currents in the air—Marilyn Horne belting out *bel canto* in her clear rich mezzo-soprano, blending her voice with Pavarotti's glowing tenor, Joan Sutherland's soprano. She stands in a maroon lacquer carapace of a dress, sings of the lady of the lake, flanked by the padded balconies of Lincoln Center, at the center of the crowd's focus and excitement.

Culture explodes in a dozen languages, all along Broadway. The stream of one audience blends with another: Scots heroines and Dakar heroes and gods, German fables and French dreams.

Onscreen in the movie houses, old performers and new performers display their wares. In Atlantic City, Burt Lan-

UPTOWN

caster moves through the plot in a careful splendid portrayal of age and hard-won dignity. He watches Susan Sarandon through the blinds of the windows between them, watches as she lathers her breasts and arms with lemon, smiles at her beauty, his face is placid, serene. His hair is milk-white, and his own body, over the years such a testament to male beauty, is now a relic of that beauty, a squarish column of flesh. There is vulnerability about the joints, loose skin at the upper arm, a skin more mottled than freckled. This master of film acting has been making a movie a year for 35 years, and in this latest, directed by Louis Malle, he is wonderful.

A relative newcomer to the screen is Albert Brooks, who sits right in the middle of his *Modern Romance*, holding it down like a big golden retriever holding down a small rug. Eccentric and oddly compelling, his performance gives a perverse charm to the film, which winds up being at once witty and wry. James L. Brooks, as the director of the film-within-a-film, is also very good, playing creative self-absorption to a fault.

It's a shame Donald Sutherland didn't have better material to work with at the Brooks Atkinson, because he displayed quite a fine percolating humor

in the midst of all the smarmy proceedings of the plot. *Lolita* was a small disaster, a disaster of intention. Nabokov wrote beautifully, and there is simply no beauty in Edward Albee's play as it was presented—only the bones of someone's neurosis, nothing more. As the world knows, Albee has written complex and brilliant plays, but this last piece is/was tired and disappointing, a dabbling in clichés, a turning over of listless metaphors.

At the Plymouth, there is another scarecrow flapping about onstage, the body of Edith Piaf. *Piaf*, alas, is only a body. It creeps, it sings, it pisses onstage, it scratches and wrangles with life, but the soul of her fine unyielding talent is elsewhere. Bad accents collide here, although the principals do their bits with spunk, the opportunity to portray a great singer against her time is never taken. Instead, she is followed through a series of seamy tableaux. Her talent is trivialized, and only once or twice does the play that might have been break through, when Jane Lapotnik is singing. A few clean sweet lines from *La Vie En Rose*, all the rest is darkness.

So it goes in a week of expectations, disappointments, and a few small surprises. A Broadway chorus of braves and boos to performances glittering and dowdy.

Green Ribbons and the Bourgeoisie

by Brandon Judell

I have realized it is inevitable that I will not get rich writing. *Fag Rag* thinks I am "too bourgeois"; *After Dark*, "too sleazy"; and the *New York Review of Books*, "too destitute of knowledge." But I shall not despair. I have found my one little niche. I am going to make millions selling ribbons on Fifth Avenue: green ones for murdered blacks and Irishmen; purple ones for slaughtered gays and other royalty; white bows for the mugged elderly and ambushed WASPs; and flesh-colored ones for lost potency.

Expressing sympathy by the yard is more lucrative nowadays than real estate and more stable than the silver market. Every day in the *Post* there are dozens of reasons to mourn and mope, and buying a ribbon is much simpler than battling for gun control or working for a politician.

"Wear some dyed silk for a few days and you're exonerated from guilt."

In a recent *New York Times* article, it was reported that more than a few of the slain Atlanta children had been dealing drugs. More than a few were not missed immediately because it was common for them to stay away from home for a day or two. These children were being murdered while they were still alive.

"So come on! Buy a ribbon! \$1 each! Buy your freedom from complicity here while they last!"

Michael Musto is one of those freelance writers who mercifully cannot avoid. His frisky wordings are regularly printed in the *Soho Weekly News*, *Interview*, *Buttalm Monthly*, and the RUPERT MURDOCH family of pubs. Now, having conquered the world of ems and ens, he's committed himself to easing in on dance halls. The other night his group

THE MUST, backed up by the SPINAL MENINGITIS (formerly the TOXIC SHOCK) took over the Peppermint Lounge for a "Motown Mixer." The Lounge, recently G.G. Barnum's—a haven for transvestites who did trapeze acts over a net—has removed the net and the transvestites. The new management, however, has installed video sets. On this particular occasion you could view JACKIE O. touring the White House, the coming attractions of all the JAMES BOND flicks, JIM MORRISON crooning with his zipper up, and even the SUPREMES with teased hair swabbed with Dipptty Do. On the second floor, the D.J. played the TEMPTATIONS' "Psychedelic Shack" and the Supremes' "Santa Claus is Coming to Town." The crowd went crazy and started to Mash Potato and Swim. Then the Must entered stage left with Musto singing lead. If you can imagine Eddie Cantor with Michael Jackson's soul, you've got the picture. Attired in Antique-Shop-Cheap-Chic, Musto's band executed "The Way You Do the Things You Do," MARTHIA AND THE VANDILLAS' "Ready for Love," and a rap

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND



Michael Musto—Photo by Gene Bagnato

version of T.S. ELIOT'S "J. Alfred Prufrock." The climax of the evening one can unabashedly claim was the Diana Ross lookalike contest for which one contestant showed up. She won after a stiff race. Her prize: a box of Oreo's.

That the concluding tune of *Marry Me A Little* is "It Wasn't Meant To Happen" might be a clue to why my date left after the evening's second song. The number might also be a harbinger presaging why this show takes so long to take off.

Upon entering the ACTOR'S PLAYHOUSE you are greeted by an accurate tenement apartment. In this decaying structure—which actually represents two studios, one on top of the other—live two single people. A boy and a girl. This isn't clear, is it? Let's just say that when the boy and girl are sitting at the same table they are really at two tables. And when they're brushing their teeth in front of the same mirror, they see not each other's frothing mouth. As minutes tick by, they walk by each other, never

seeing, never touching, never kibitzing. Instead they sing about being lonely, humping the grocery boy, playing golf, and dreaming dreams that never will be. If these were not SONDHEIM songs the evening would be on a footing with STUBBY KAYE trilling *Aida*.

CRAIG LUCAS and NORMAN RENE, the conceivers and developers of this show, have carefully created two bland characters who are deservingly alone. They never have a chance to earn our empathy so when they're upset, who cares? As for the performers, they are mostly lackluster. When SUZANNE HENRY, a JILL CLAYBURGH-type, chants "Can That Boy Foxtrot," one of Sondheim's most hilarious works, she botches the humor with a verve bordering on ennui.

Yet there is a theatrical must for lovers of *Follies*, *A Little Night Music*, and *Company*. Most of these tunes instantly identify the shows from which they were cut. And a few, like "There Won't Be Trumpets" and "Marry Me A Little," will have you humming all the way home, if you're still awake.

In Tokyo, not far from where Toyotas are welded, WILLIAM FRIEDKIN'S guide to killing your neighborhood homosexual is the number-one grosser, beating out Charlton Heston in *The Awakening* and Yume, Yume No Ato. With competition like that, CHARLES NELSON REILLY eating baked beans in Technicolor would be a winner.

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